

The Sketch

No. 745.—Vol. LVIII.

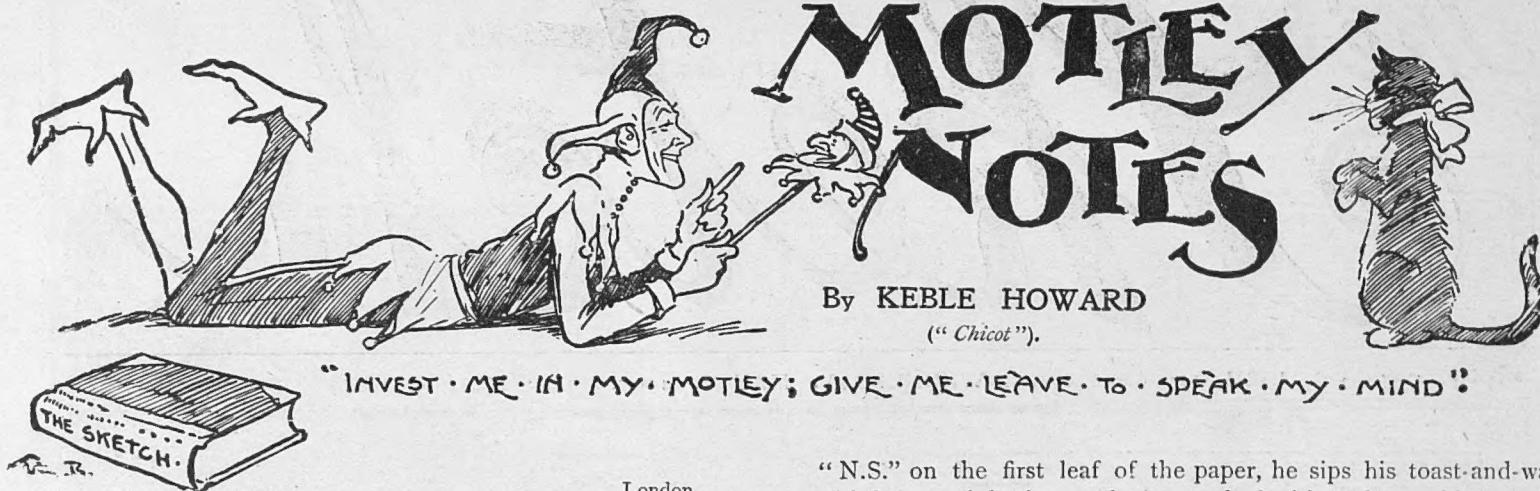
WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S SECRET WEDDING: MR. JAMES CAREW, WHO MARRIED THE FAMOUS ACTRESS AT PITTSBURG LAST MARCH.

On Monday came the news from America that Miss Ellen Terry and the "leading man" in her company, Mr. James Carew, were married at Pittsburg on March 22nd last. To an interviewer, Mr. Carew said, "We were married secretly to avoid undue notice. Miss Edith Craig (Miss Ellen Terry's daughter) knew of the marriage, and we cabled to Miss Ellen Terry's son (Mr. Gordon Craig), who is in Italy." Miss Terry, who was born in February, 1848, held her professional jubilee last year. Mr. Carew, who is thirty-two, made his first appearance in this country in 1905, played Sam Coast in "Her Own Way" with Miss Maxine Elliott at the Lyric, Frank Bruce in "An Angel Unawares," at Terry's, Malone in "Man and Superman," at the Court, Alec Howard in "The Little Stranger," at the Criterion, and Captain Hamlin Kearney in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," at the Court. He went to America with Miss Terry in January, to play Captain Brassbound, and in "The Good Hope." He made his first "hit" in America in 1903, in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Miss Terry left America for England on Saturday last.—[Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

T. R.

When Oxford was Prosperous.

I am sorry, but not surprised, to hear that Oxford is hard up. Institutions and individuals have a good deal in common. When an individual begins to take himself too seriously wiser folk raise their eyebrows and shake their heads. They know that this heralds disaster—and the same applies to an institution. Oxford, for some time past, has been taking itself too seriously. It has been arrogating to itself this and that duty, and losing sight of its real *raison d'être*. Oxford was founded as a dumping-place for youths who were too old to be kept at school, and too young to plunge headlong into the pomp and vanity of our wicked world. It was intended to be a crèche where the youth of England might play, within due limits, at being grown-up. For a time all went well, and Oxford was an enormous success. The youths did just those things that were expected of them. They drank and they gambled, and they dressed absurdly, and they played foolish pranks on old gentlemen, and they broke furniture, and so forth. The Proctors imposed heavy fines; the fines were paid, proudly if grumblingly, by the fathers, and the University chest was stuffed with gold. There was no necessity for the Chancellor to issue a public appeal. Oxford was being run on the right lines, and was self-supporting.

London.

A Turn in the Tide.

Then came the almost inevitable change. Oxford began to put on "side." "I am a very important institution," it said to itself. "With me lies the ultimate destiny of the British Empire. I will play up to this, and be rather more pompous. I will put a stop to horse-play, and go in for serious work. These young fellows under my care shall fill their brains with a good deal of book-stuff. Their knowledge may not prove of any particular use to them in after life, but it will show that I, at any rate, am a cultured old lady." Reading, consequently, took the place of ragging. Spectacles were seen in the High, and white, pinched faces in the Corn. A debating-hall was established at the Union, and here precocious young politicians, ultimately destined to play all manner of shady tricks at Westminster, spouted dull twaddle at each other on Thursday evenings from eight to ten-thirty. Wine was prohibited in hall; the spirit-merchants died in the gutter. The coloured waistcoat was ruled bad form, and, in the streets o' nights, caps and gowns were worn. The Proctors tramped to and fro as of yore, but their takings steadily dwindled. Presently they became an anachronism. The Keeper of the University chest eyed them askance. "These fellows," he grumbled, "are bringing no grist to the mill." . . . Last of all came Lord Curzon's appeal.

"The Tomb of Ideas."

Thus, in a few lines, you have the history of the decline of Oxford University. Now you know, vaguely, why Oxford is called "the home of lost causes." But she is more than that: she is the Tomb of Ideas. The educational system at Oxford (this is not an extract from a monthly review) is based on the mock-modest assumption that the thoughts of the dead are priceless, whereas the thoughts of the living are, of necessity, foolishness. The Examiners in the Schools are armed with large blue pencils. Chapter and verse pass unscathed; tabulated groups of quotations receive full marks; but a stray Idea, which is probably worth all the classified memoranda put together, is savagely pounced upon and smudged out of existence with the fat blue pencil. "No, you don't!" cries the Examiner. "That sort of thing won't do for me. Memory is the supreme test of intellect. Originality is a sign of decadence and must be nipped in the bud." And so, having written a gigantic

"N.S." on the first leaf of the paper, he sips his toast-and-water with huge satisfaction, and goes to bed with a pleasurable sense of duty done and money earned. That is why ninety-nine men out of a hundred who leave Oxford with brilliant degrees are never heard of again. To Lord Curzon, in his distress, I commend the moral.

A Cleric's Humourist.

"M. P. K." is that rare thing—a clerical humorist. Thus he writes to my daily paper—"I find that most of our railway companies make provision by way of issuing cheap week-end tickets for a large section of the community. May I plead on behalf of the clerical body, who, I have no doubt, would be grateful if cheap 'returns' were issued from Monday till Saturday?" He states, further, that he is a poor Catholic priest, and adds: "I am sure that many of our Anglican and Nonconformist brethren will share my views." Really, this is a delicious picture that "M. P. K." has drawn. His flock go away on Saturday to return on Monday. "M. P. K.," the faithful soul, remains at home on Sunday to pray for the straying sheep. On Monday he meets them at the station, hops into the empty train, and is whirled away in comfort for a six-days' week-end. It may be, however, that his letter is intended as a rebuke to week-enders. In that case he would have been better advised to speak plainly. The week-end is far too comfortable a creature to bother himself with subtleties.

Vanity? Fie!

On a certain afternoon last week, I attended, in obedience to the command of one of my masters, a charity matinée. You know what a charity matinée is, don't you? It is the Best Possible Way of helping a Needy Institution. It is organised by any Compassionate Soul who happens to have written a poor play. When you have a poor play in your desk, a play so poor that it has been refused by every manager in London, there will suddenly come into your heart a Golden Thought. This will be the Golden Thought: What can I do to help the poor and suffering? And this will be the Answer: Get up a matinée and produce my play. You will then select any Needy Institution that interests the Great and Good, and you will invite the Secretary to send you a list of those who subscribe annually to the funds of the institution. To each person on the Secretary's list you will forward an announcement of the matinée. These subscribers will reply by sending you the guinea that they would have posted, in the usual way, direct to the Secretary. There are your funds. Next you borrow a theatre, beg the services of some clever professionals, fill up with titled amateurs, and the thing is done. Whatever balance there may be after paying the expenses—and there need not be any—you will give to the Secretary in lieu of his lost subscriptions.

A Pretty Tale.

I will not describe the matinée. I will tell you of a little incident that befell in the hall of the theatre.

As I entered I was met by one of the beautiful ladies of title who were selling the programmes.

"Would you like a programme?" she asked sweetly.

I said that it might be as well to have one.

"Half-a-crown," said she.

I murmured, from force of habit, something about "Press."

"What Press is it?" she inquired.

I told her.

"Oh, well," said she graciously, "if you will print the names of the ladies selling the programmes I won't charge you anything."

I handed her, as delicately as possible, half-a-crown.

This is a true story.

DONKEY - POWER AND HORSE - POWER :
A CONTRAST IN THE OLD AND NEW.



Miss Erskine.

Miss Elizabeth Firth. Miss Amy Webster. Miss Chrissie Bell. Miss Eva Carrington.

A BEVY OF BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE GO FOR A RUN ON AN ARGYLL—



Miss Chrissie Bell.

Miss Eva Carrington.

Miss Erskine. Miss Elizabeth Firth. Miss Amy Webster.

—AND VARY THEIR METHOD OF PROGRESS BY HAVING A DONKEY-RIDE.

The Car was supplied by Messrs. Argylls, London, Ltd.; Photographs by Bassano.

EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



THE SUFFRAGETTES' CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENT: THE HON. BERTRAND RUSSELL, WHO IS STANDING FOR WIMBLEDON.

Mr. Russell, who is brother of Earl Russell and the heir to the peerage, stands as candidate of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. He was born in 1872.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A BEAUTIFUL PARISIAN ACTRESS INJURED IN A MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT: Mlle. ARLETTE DORGÈRE.

The motor-car was caught between two trams going in opposite directions, and was smashed to pieces. It was at first believed that Mlle. Dorgère (the Prince in the French version of Drury Lane's "Cinderella") had been badly injured; later reports stated that she was suffering chiefly from shock.

Photograph by Reutlinger.



ARRESTED IN MADRAS IN CONNECTION WITH THE FAILURE OF HIS FIRM: SIR GEORGE ARBUTHNOT, OF THE BANKING HOUSE OF ARBUTHNOT AND CO. Arbuthnot and Co. was a household word in India. Its failure followed that of its London agents, MacFadyen and Co., the senior partner of which committed suicide.

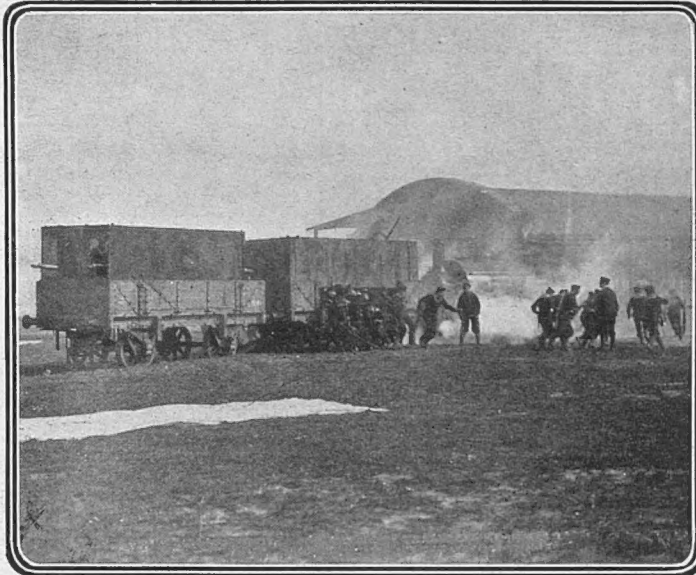
Photograph by Thiele and Co.



OUR HONOURED VISITOR FROM JAPAN: HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS PRINCE SADANARU FUSHIMI.

The Prince is returning the visit of the Mission that carried the Garter to the Emperor of Japan.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.



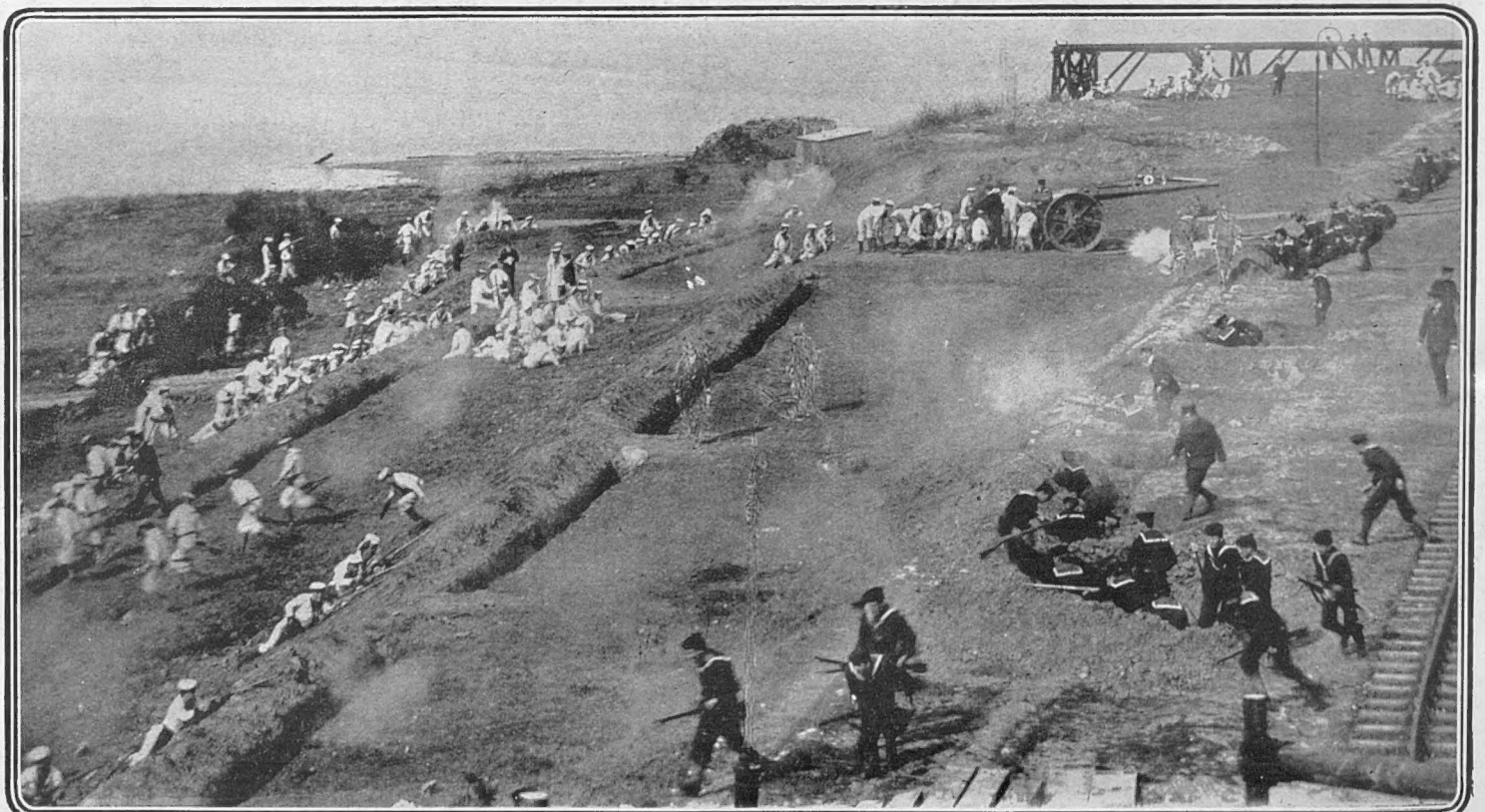
BRITAIN'S UP-TO-DATE NAVY: THE ARRIVAL OF THE ARMoured TRAIN, SHOWING THE SAILORS JUMPING OUT OF THE BOTTOM OF ONE OF THE TRUCKS.—[Photograph by Cribb.]



THE AMERICAN-MILLIONAIRE WINNER OF THE AMATEUR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. JAY GOULD.

Mr. Miles decided to defend his title, although lacking sufficient practice, and was beaten by 3 sets to 2.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.



A STRIKING DEMONSTRATION OF THE EMPIRE'S POWER: THE MIMIC BATTLE ON WHALE ISLAND.

The Colonial Premiers witnessed a remarkably well-managed mimic battle on Whale Island. War conditions were observed as closely as is possible in peace, and "the real thing" was admirably suggested.—(SEE "GENERAL NOTES" ON PAGE 1.)

Photograph by Cribb.

THE GILBERTIAN JUSTICE OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN:

THE BANNED "MIKADO": THREE OF ITS CHIEF CHARACTERS.

1. MR. WALTER PASSMORE
AS KO-KO.2. THE LORD CHAMBER-
LAIN, LORD ALTHORP.

3. MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS POOH-BAH.

4, 5, 6. MR. SCOTT FISHE AS THE MIKADO.

The Lord Chamberlain has exercised his office in somewhat an extraordinary manner by withdrawing the license of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Mikado." It need hardly be said that this has been done in deference to Japanese opinion, and is more especially due to the visit of Prince Fushimi to this country. Apparently, no compensation is to be paid for the lost rights in the piece.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. TREE.

EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (until May 10).
LAST MATINEE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY), at 2.15.
THE RED LAMP.

Paul Demetrius. Adapted from the French of Eugene Fourrier Paringue
by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. MR. TREE and MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH.
FUTURE ARRANGEMENTS.
SATURDAY, May 11, to FRIDAY, May 17, JULIUS CÆSAR; MATINEE
WEDNESDAY, May 15, at 2.
SATURDAY, May 18, to TUESDAY, May 21, TRILBY; MATINEE SATURDAY,
May 18, and MONDAY, May 20, at 2.15.

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By Alfred Sutro.

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MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER
and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 9, in THE DUEL, by Henri Lavedan. At 8,
DOCTOR JOHNSON, by Leo Trevor. MATINEE of both plays every WED. and SAT. 2.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING AT 9,
FRANK CURZON Presents JAMES WELCH in WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.
At 8.15, THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE. MATINEES WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,
Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8, FRANK CURZON'S New Musical
Production, MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

LYRIC THEATRE.

MR. LEWIS WALLER.

Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.
CLANCARTY.

ALDWYCH THEATRE, ALDWYCH, STRAND.

Sole Lessee and Manager, CHARLES FROHMAN. WEDNESDAY, May 8, and
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, CHARLES FROHMAN presents ROBERT EDESON in
STRONGHEART, a Comedy Drama in 4 Acts (by arrangement with HENRY B. HARRIS).
FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY, May 15, at 2.30.

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detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
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drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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lication next week of a beautiful book on the

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Revised by J. E. BAGNALL, A.L.S.

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[Shortly.]

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of British Flora, combined with the terse and simple language of the text, make up a
work which every lover of Nature will feel impelled to own. To the botanist, to the
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[May 10.]

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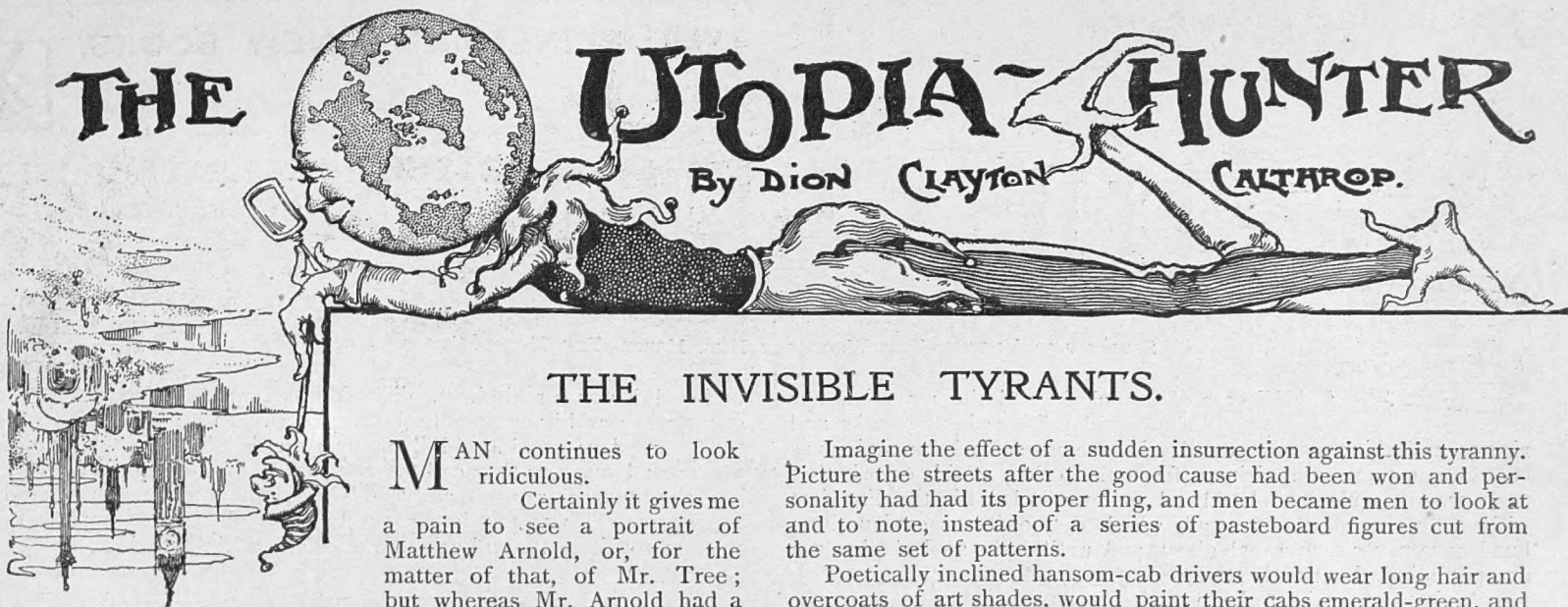
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THE

UTOPIA HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTHROP.



THE INVISIBLE TYRANTS.

MAN continues to look ridiculous.

Certainly it gives me a pain to see a portrait of Matthew Arnold, or, for the matter of that, of Mr. Tree; but whereas Mr. Arnold had a certain character of hair, Mr.

Tree follows the rules of the invisible tyrants. Who are these people who sway the niceties of fashion?

If the proverbial New Zealander were to be told the story of Mr. Tree's histrionic triumphs, or the history of the rise of Mr. Alexander, or the career of Mr. Pinero or Mr. Locke, he would picture them—how would he picture them?

Mr. Tree, I think, he would see as a man with a black velvet cloak, tight-strapped trousers, a frock-coat of purple with full skirts, a big flowing tie, a snuff-box and a cane, the whole being topped by a wide sombrero.

He would picture Mr. Alexander in a Florentine suit of scarlet hose, a doublet, a very devil of a sword, a feather in his jaunty cap, and a silk cloak edged with fur.

Mr. Pinero would appear to the eye of the New Zealander rather like William

of Orange: a high wig of long curls, a tan-handled short stick, and an embroidered suit of that time, long waistcoat, wide-skirted coat, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes. Or perhaps more like Pepys.

Mr. Locke, I am sure, he would imagine in a flowered satin dressing-gown, surrounded by a quaint collection of works on dining, and by French classics, and, moreover, wearing a skull-cap over a prematurely bald head.

How wrong he would be! He would find these eminent gentlemen dressed as if by mathematicians. They appear, as do we all, in the most exact of garments—our creases centralised, our ties without a touch of character, our boots without a hint of foot, and our gloves without a show of hand; burnished stove-pipes on our heads, polished linen throttling our necks, hideous garments enclosing our persons. And all, all swayed each year by some invisible machinery at work, which gives out, stealthily, this collar, that shape of tie, this cut of coat, that form of waistcoat.

Men continue to look and to be hopeless slaves.

Now there must be at work some persons whose organisation is very perfect, for, no matter how we loved the old style, the new creeps in and—*voilà!*—we follow, led by the nose.

Imagine the effect of a sudden insurrection against this tyranny. Picture the streets after the good cause had been won and personality had had its proper fling, and men became men to look at and to note, instead of a series of pasteboard figures cut from the same set of patterns.

Poetically inclined hansom-cab drivers would wear long hair and overcoats of art shades, would paint their cabs emerald-green, and wear knots of primroses on their whips.

Romantically inclined Dukes would wear their robes in the streets and have their coronets burnished at street-corners.

Many a bank clerk would relieve the monotony of the London streets by appearing in a mediæval gown.

The desperate fellows now lounging in clubs in faultless-waisted

coats would stroll with a devil-mechance air up Piccadilly in inky cloaks and with red handkerchiefs knotted on their heads.

Many judges would dress like Bishops, and some Bishops like bookmakers.

Mr. Alma-Tadema would rouse St. John's Wood to screams of admiration when he appeared in a toga, and Mr. Byam Shaw would create an artistic furore in Kensington in a *côte-hardie*.

Mr. John Burns, I think, would wear crimson with a crown, and the Duke of Devonshire a dressing-gown

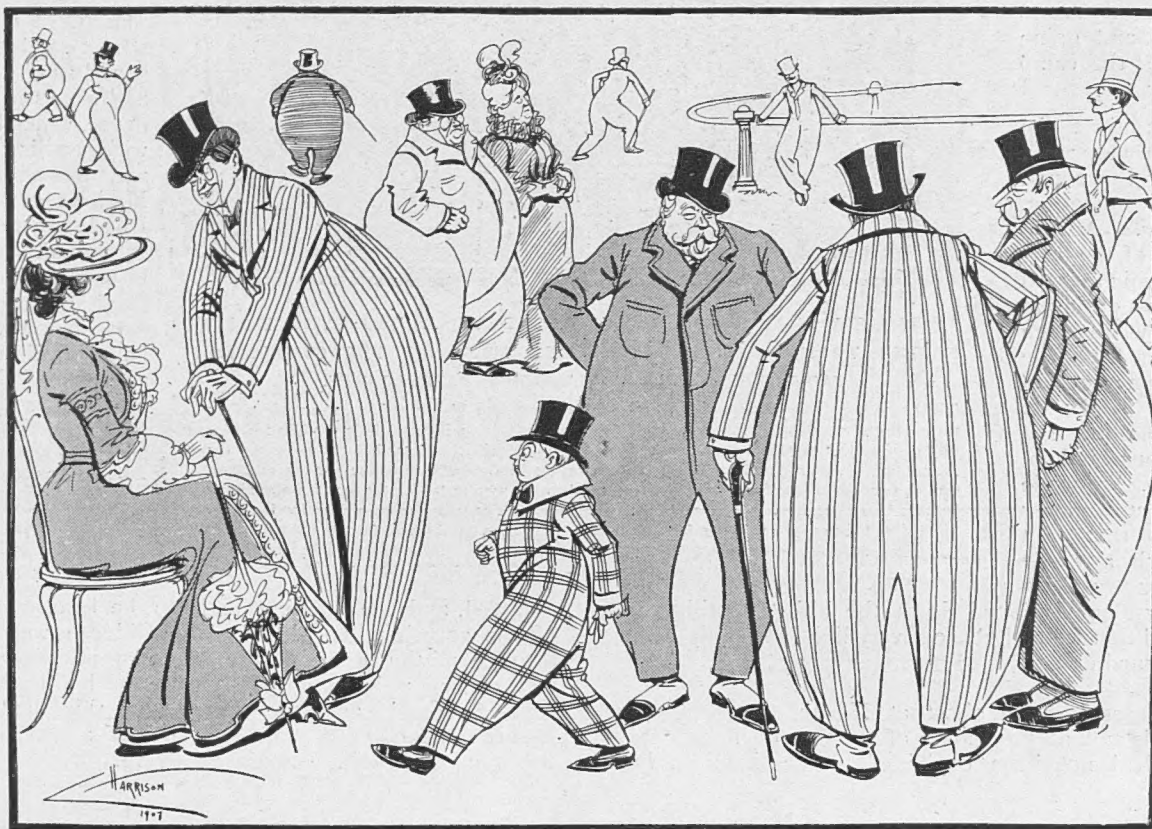
and nightcap. How beautiful London would become!

Instead of the long funeral procession from Sloane Street to the Circus we should see the streets lit with colour like a moving flower-garden.

And the tyrants who rule our lives, what would become of them? They, with their plumb-lines for trouser-creases and their demands about brown boots, or their morbid-colour minds, would sit and gnaw the crust of destitution in the gutters.

The evenings! Oh, the evenings! I dare not dream of them. No more waiters in cast-off dress-suits—no more dress-suits at all. We should be waited upon by a man clad after the call of his higher nature, with his grade-thought marked by his raiment. We should sit down to dinner in fine colours, a gay company. Not necessarily should we be effeminate—some of us, even, after a course of Hewlett, might go in armour. I feel, somehow, that I should like to dine in armour, and I should much like to lunch at the Savoy in Beau Brummellian clothes.

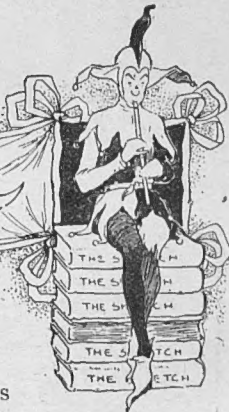
But there—it's a sad dream. We are slaves to—to whom? The tyrants remain hidden; and man continues to look ridiculous.



IN THE DAYS OF THE JEPSON SUIT: AWFUL FORECAST OF THE ROW IN THE SEASON IF THE NEW HEALTH CLOTHES BECOME THE FASHION.

Mr. Edgar Jepson, the well-known novelist, has invented (at present for his own wear only) a suit in which coat and trousers are combined. "Then I saw," he writes, "that it was possible to strip our dress of its redundancy, banish suspenders, and baffle the button by the simple device of combining coat and pants into one garment. I had them combined; and now I save time and temper; buttons and suspenders harry me no more. After many years I am comfortable and serene; I can look upon a button without a quail."

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



THE CLUBMAN

SPOOKS AND VISIONS—THE WOODCOCK HILL HORSE—THE MACAO GHOST.

THE case of the cleric and the magician has set all the world talking about spooks and visions and things supernatural. I have no settled convictions as to whether there are visitors from the other world or whether there are not. No man has lived as long as I did in the Far East without hearing of things occult which defy ordinary explanation; but I have never seen a real ghost, and until I do so I shall retain an open mind. I certainly have heard what was said to be a ghostly steed. At Woodcock Hill, near Limerick, there used to be a musketry camp in the 'seventies—and I daresay there is one there now. It was said that whenever any great misfortune was about to happen, a riderless horse could be heard galloping from the moor on the top of the hill, and going down the road past the camp to the flat country.

Occasionally at night the horse would tear down the road, and one could hear the sound of its unshod hoofs coming, passing, and going. Any of us who looked out of the door of the wooden hut which served as a mess-room saw nothing at all, and only felt the wind, which blew in great gusts from the hill-top. These same gusts of wind carried some sparks on to the thatch of the little hut which served as our kitchen, and burned it down. We made remarks as to the unkindness of a Government that sent its soldiers to such a windy spot; but the peasantry about said that as the horse had galloped down the hill, something was sure to happen, and that we had got off very lightly in only having a bit of a house burned down.

With my own eyes I saw a ghost at Macao, the Portuguese settlement on an island at the mouth of the Canton River, and if the phenomenon had not been explained to me, I might have

believed it was a real ghost. The house I was staying in was big enough to be a palace. In the palmy days of Macao it had been the headquarters of one of the great Hongs, as they call the companies in those parts. Only half the rooms were used, and the house had a forlorn, dissipated appearance. I was put in a room big enough for a company of soldiers to sleep in, and was told on the first night to look out for a ghost at midnight. I looked round the apartment very carefully before I turned in. The bed and mosquito-curtains, a big almirah, a wardrobe, and a wash-handstand were all the articles of furniture, and the floor was covered with matting.

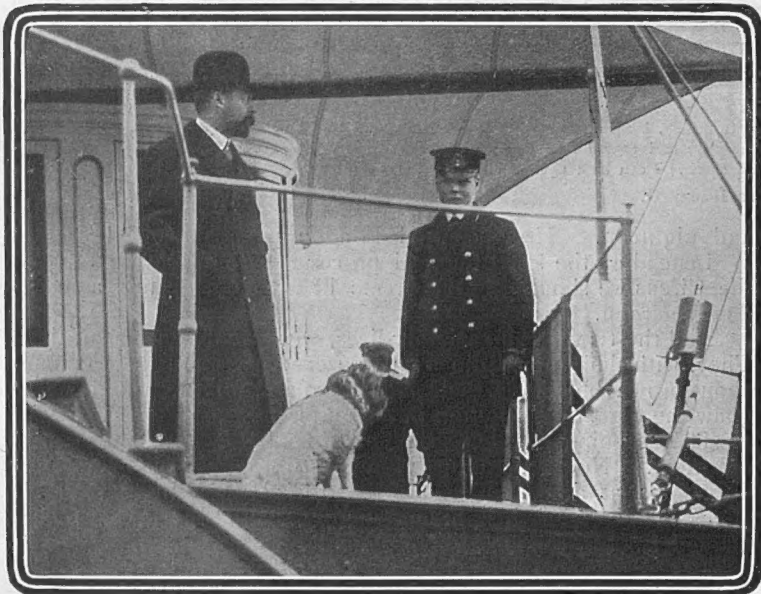
I lay awake in bed and waited. A clock in the house struck twelve. There was a sound as of a long-drawn sigh, and from the floor a luminous figure, which looked like a child with trailing garments, rose and passed up into the roof. My host came in, asked me if I had seen the ghost, and then explained. The room I was in used to be occupied by the head of the firm. In the store below the most valuable bales of silk were always kept, and one of the Typans caused a circular staircase to be made from his bed-room to the store, in order that he might assure himself at any hour of the safety of the most valuable of the stock. His successor disapproved of the staircase, and caused it to be

removed, and the opening to it to be boarded over. The wood of the covering had shrunk; the Chinese watchman, who went through all the rooms of the house at midnight, was bare-footed and carried a lantern; the shuffle of his bare feet caused the sighing sound, and the light from his lantern, shining up through the circular crack in the floor and through the matting, was the cause of the luminous figure.



ATTEMPTING AN ARREST ON THE TOP OF A 'BUS: THE POLICE SEEKING TO CAPTURE THE MAN WHO FIRED ON THE CUIRASSIERS FROM THE TOP OF A MADELEINE-BASTILLE 'BUS.

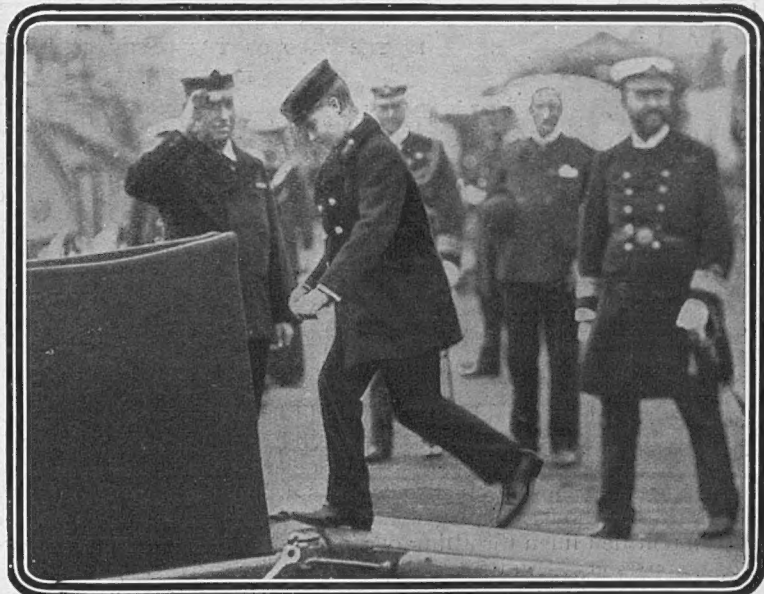
The precautions taken to ensure the safety of the King after his arrival in Paris on May Day were evidently justified. His Majesty, of course, is as safe in Paris as it is possible for him to be; but the madman must be reckoned with at all times, and however great the friendliness of one nation to another, watch must be kept. Evidence of the harm a madman can do was shown by the incident here illustrated. A man seated on the top of a Madeleine-Bastille 'bus fired five shots at a party of cuirassiers. The police made a dash for the 'bus, but before they could actually catch hold of the man he was thrown into the street by his fellow-passengers. There the crowd sought to lynch him. He was rescued and carried to the police station, only to die.—[Photograph by Rol and Co.]



The Prince's dog.

IN NAVAL UNIFORM FOR THE FIRST TIME: PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES AS A CADET OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, OSBORNE, ON BOARD THE "ALBERTA."

The Prince began his career as a naval cadet on Wednesday of last week, when his father took him to the Royal Naval College at Osborne. He will stay there for at least a year, but he is destined eventually for the Army.—[Photographs by Stephen Critch.]



"CADET EDWARD OF WALES": THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ELDEST SON RECEIVES HIS FIRST NAVAL SALUTE AS A CADET OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE.

A SUGGESTION TO MANCHESTER:

A FRENCH FORM OF LIVING STATUARY.



WOULD THIS SUIT THE MANCHESTER AUTHORITIES?

The outcry against the living statue in this country—in Manchester in particular—makes of considerable interest the French idea of the living statue. Whether the all-nude or the part-clothed figure is the more artistic remains a problem which we leave our readers to decide. Mlle. Regina Badet (here shown) poses as part of a bas-relief, comes to life, and dances before Apollo. She has been described as "a queen of posture, a princess of gesture."

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"—"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"—"LADY TATTERS"—
"AS YOU LIKE IT"—"HAMLET."

WE dramatic critics are having a grand time, but one gasps a little at noticing that only one of the above-mentioned productions is English, and that the musical comedy; and also at the thought that the German theatre is busy, though there is hardly time or space to deal with its valuable efforts. Mrs. Wiggs is the most American of the lot, and in some respects the most welcome; for we are more pleased to see our cousins when they present something entirely their own than when they offer the sort of thing that we possess already. Mrs. Wiggs herself, if not exactly an original character, is at least an agreeable, fairly novel stage type, and Mrs. Madge Carr Cook presented her charmingly—so well, indeed, that it was vexing not to have the character in a real play instead of a kind of exaggerated sketch. Perhaps such a term is ungracious when applied to an entertainment which, during the greater part of the evening, amused everybody and presented some really clever people and also quaint pictures (over-coloured, no doubt) of American country life. It would be vastly improved by some compression and some chastening of the boisterous humours. Miss Louise Closser, if a little less extravagant, would be intensely funny as the old maid who gets a husband by false pretences concerning her cooking. Miss Grace Griswold was very amusing as a venomous, ugly married woman, and Mr. Burton, as Stubbins, the husband of Miss Hazy, gave a quite noteworthy picture of an indolent, not altogether good-for-nothing loafer—a strange, slyly humorous, drawling creature, who seemed to be a real type. Some of the people, such as the matrimonial agent, appeared to have been de-localised, and so had simply fallen back into the common stage stock-pot. The sentimental aspect connected with Lovey Mary is a little trying, though the part was pleasantly played by Miss Barriscale. On the other

hand, the concluding scene between Mrs. Wiggs and her repentant scapegrace husband had a genuine note of pathos, and was charmingly rendered by her—and very well acted by Mr. Forrest Robinson.

To me "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was more amusing than the other American farce, "Brewster's Millions," presented at the Hicks Theatre, by reason of the fact that it had some really interesting local colour; in the "spectacular farce" there is none. Three acts of the play by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley

flattery. Really the theme of the play is excellent. A skilful dramatist, taking the position of the man anxious to get through a big fortune in a short time, and forbidden to use the obvious means, might have worked up a strong dramatic scheme; he would hardly have based it on the silliest will ever propounded in farce. In "Brewster's Millions" there is no plot at all; one has merely a series of episodes, the most effective being the one on the yacht, the preparation of which has cost as much money as would mount half-a-dozen real comedies at the Court Theatre. I do not know whether the typhoon at the Hippodrome is more effective than the one at the new theatre, for I have not seen it, but certainly the boat and storm in "Brewster's Millions" have never been equalled in this class of work. I must add, as a sailor—a very smooth water sailor, a mere Norfolk Broads cruiser—that I have never before seen a ship in a gale that did not belly the sails or put a strain on the sheets: the limits of realism are sometimes the beginnings of humour. Anyhow, the boat was very rocky—like the plot of the piece—and the audience roared with delight. The performance was curious. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier acted brilliantly as Brewster, and I do not seem to recollect any of the many others.

"Lady Tatters," at the Shaftesbury, is one more attempt to rise above musical comedy into the region of comic opera. On the whole it is a fairly successful attempt, though the piece suffers from the lack of originality and imagination. Such plot as there is becomes quite complicated at times, but it is never exactly new, nor is there much trace of freshness in its treatment. Mr. Walter Slaughter's music is better than the book, yet by no means of his best; there are some good choruses, a few ingeniously written dances, and one excellent song for Mr. Ivor Foster. Best of all, no doubt, from the public point of view, will be the hearty clowning of Mr. Walter Passmore as the strolling player, a kind of part that he has played many times. Miss Marie George has reason for complaint in regard to the one solo given her, but she makes amends by dancing exquisitely; and Miss Louie Pounds and Mr. Courtice Pounds are both fairly well provided for, and take advantage of their opportunities. The heroine, Tatters, is played by Miss Claudia Lasell, who has the largest share of the music, and sings in a voice which is powerful, if not remarkably pleasant.

Miss Marlowe's Rosalind, perhaps, is not one of the great Rosalinds, yet she is one of the most charming. She appears to lack the peculiar gift of representing two aspects of a part at one time. When she is playing Ganymede to Orlando she is not able to present Rosalind pretending to be Ganymede to her lover, but merely gets such humours as would be involved in the situation if she were really the lad that she professes to be; still, this is better than the method of some, who in their anxiety to avoid the fault make it certain that they would have "given away" themselves to Orlando. There is in her a charming fund of womanliness and humour, as well as power to avoid self-consciousness. Many of her scenes were acted quite delightfully, and she has more sense of the beauty of sound in language than most players. Mr. Lewis, the Orlando, gave a manly, unaffected performance, and, aided by a good presence and rich voice, carried off a difficult part very well. Mr. Sothorn did not appear in "As You Like It," but the next night gave an able, interesting performance of "Hamlet," particularly noticeable for its intellectual treatment of the character, and Miss Marlowe was a very pathetic Ophelia.



ON TOUR AS THE GENTLEMAN BURGLAR: MR. LEONARD BOYNE AS RAFFLES.

Mr. Boyne is on tour with "Raffles," which had such a great success at the Comedy. The play is at the Marlborough this week, and will be at the King's, Hammersmith, next week.



A PLAYER IN "THE PALACE OF PUCK": MISS BEATRICE TERRY, WHO APPEARS AS ELSIE PODMORE.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

are, I fancy, supposed to pass in London, but they were curiously un-English in feeling; and if, as I imagine, the work was originally treated as locally American, it is a pity changes have been made. The matter may be trifling—like the farce; it is, however, certain that we welcome more warmly works that seem American than those that merely appear non-British. Imitation is tedious

HOW TO KILL WASPS WITHOUT BEING STUNG.



THE WASP-SCISSORS.

THE INVENTION OF THE LATE LORD DE ROS, PREMIER BARON OF ENGLAND: SCISSORS FOR KILLING WASPS.

The scissors, which are of wood, were invented by the late Lord de Ros, Premier Baron of England, who died last week after a distinguished career. They were on sale at a bazaar recently, and the pair shown in our illustration were courteously lent to us by the inventor. To use them: wait for the wasp to settle on a window-pane or other suitable surface, hold the scissors with their "jaws" open, seize the opportunity, close the scissors—and the wasp is no more. Mlle. Gaby Deslys is shown in our photograph.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.



THE LADY OF BURLEIGH; THE
MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.

Photograph by Nichols.

The Lady of Burleigh. Tennyson, in his "Lord of Burleigh," immortalised the romantic history of the first Marquess of Exeter, and since the verses became part of our national poetry peculiar interest has attached to the reigning mistress of Burghley House. The present Lady Exeter comes of a family noted for their beauty, for she is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Bolton, and Lady Zetland and Lady Grosvenor are her aunts. Her marriage took place in the spring of Accession year, and in view, perhaps, of the fact that Society was still mourning for Queen Victoria, Miss Myra Orde-Powlett chose a country wedding. Both Lord and Lady Exeter are very fond of their country home and of country sport, and the young Marchioness is a keen rider to hounds; she is also very musical, and has a fine voice. Lady Exeter has given more than one royal house party at Burghley House, and this has, of course, added to her popularity with the good folk of Stamford town.

There's Joy in the Highlands! All Scotland was delighted to hear last Thursday (May 2) of the birth of a son and heir to the Marquess of Graham. In Arran, the home of the all-important baby's mother, the event was celebrated with true Celtic enthusiasm. As Lady Mary Hamilton, the young Marchioness of Graham was adored by her "ain folk," and her arrival in the Highlands with her little son will be made the occasion of public rejoicings. A future Duke of Montrose is entitled to high consideration from the Sovereign, and the baby boy is to have the King as godfather, while it is probable that his godmother will be the Duchess of Devonshire, who is already rich in great-grandsons likely to wear the strawberry-leaves.

The Baroness de Ros. The most noteworthy accession to the Upper House is in some ways the new Lord Middleton, but more picturesque is the fact that the late Lord de Ros' ancient title is now held by the clever, agreeable lady so long known in society as Mrs. Anthony Lucius Dawson. The fact that she is herself only the mother of daughters would seem to

KING EDWARD returns to find his eldest grandson and namesake installed at Osborne College as the first royal naval cadet of his generation. The young Prince was taken down to East Cowes by his father, and doubtless both the Prince and Princess of Wales are now experiencing the slight anxiety and sense of loss which comes over all parents when a boy first leaves home for school. King Edward and Queen Alexandra constantly visited the *Britannia* when the Prince of Wales was there as a boy, and doubtless the Isle of Wight will rejoice frequently in the presence of Prince Edward's father and mother.

perpetuate the barony in the female line. It would be interesting to learn how the imposing group of Peeresses in their own right regard the delicate question of "Votes for Women." These great ladies have certain privileges, but they cannot take part in a debate in the House of Lords, or give practical proof of their political convictions. More than one Peeress has, however, exercised her right of being tried by the Peers.

Lady Selborne. When Lord Selborne accepted the difficult task of succeeding Lord Milner in South Africa, it was felt that he was particularly fortunate in having so remarkable a helpmeet as the late Lord Salisbury's eldest daughter. At the time of the marriage of Viscount Wolmer and Lady Maud Cecil the alliance was regarded as being almost that of Montagu and Capulet, for the first Lord Selborne had been one of Mr. Gladstone's Lord Chancellors, and one of the strongest pillars of the Liberal Party. The young Viscountess soon converted her husband to the Cecil views, and Lord Selborne did not wait for his famous father's death to make known his change of opinion. Lady Selborne, who is said to have been the late Lord Salisbury's favourite child, is a keen politician, and takes a practical interest in the wider social well-being of the British people. She would fain see agriculture resume its honoured place in the United Kingdom, and before duty called her to South Africa she was instrumental in starting an association which had for its object the encouraging of farmers' wives to raise poultry for the home market. Lady Selborne is now making a brief stay in this country.

The Maltese Peerage. The King's recent visit to Malta has once again drawn attention to the existence of the old Maltese nobility.

These peerages, which were for the most part conferred by the old Grand Masters of the Knights of Malta, are fully recognised by the British Crown, in accordance with the pledge given by King George III. There are no Dukes, the titles being Marquis, Count, and Baron;

they number twenty in all, in addition to one or two claims not yet settled. Some of the Maltese nobles are well known in England; for instance, Count Della Catena, better known here as Sir Gerald Strickland, the Governor of Tasmania, who married Lord De La Warr's sister, and who has a beautiful place in Westmorland, Sizergh Castle. This Countship is one of a few in the Maltese Peerage which go with the family estates, an entail which is unknown in our Peerage, except in the case of the Earldom of Arundel, but is common enough on the Continent. The Marchioness Cassar de Sain, who is well known in London Society, is the widow of the seventh, and the stepmother of the present, Marquess in the Maltese Peerage.



WHERE THE WEDDED EDNA WILL WALK;
IN THE GARDENS OF TORWOOD, ASCOT.



WHERE THE WEDDED EDNA WILL LIVE; MISS EDNA MAY'S FUTURE HOME,
TORWOOD, ASCOT.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



ON A VISIT TO THE OLD COUNTRY;
LADY SELBORNE.

After the Painting by Harris Brown.

"THEY ALL LIVED TOGETHER IN A LITTLE CROOKED HOUSE."

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



1. THE CROOKED HOUSE (BACK VIEW).

3. THE COFFEE-ROOM, WITH THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK IN A PERPENDICULAR POSITION.

6. THE MAGIC TABLE, ALONG WHICH A MARBLE SEEMS TO RUN UP HILL.

4. THE DOORWAY.

2. THE CROOKED HOUSE (FRONT VIEW).

5. THE COFFEE-ROOM, PHOTOGRAPHED IN SUCH A WAY THAT THE ROOM IS PERPENDICULAR AND THE CLOCK CROOKED.

7. THE BAR-ROOM, SHOWING THE CROOKED WINDOW AND SHELVES.

A HOME OF OPTICAL ILLUSIONS: THE CROOKED HOUSE, KINGSWINFORD.

The Glynne Arms, Kingswinford, known as the Crooked House, adjoins Lord Dudley's estate at Himley. From beneath one end of it coal has been mined, with the result that that end has sunk several feet, although the building itself does not show a crack. It has stood as it now is for over half a century. It is a veritable home of optical illusions. Everything in the interior seems out of plumb, and the laws of gravity appear to be set at defiance.—[Photographs by the Topical Press.]



DESCENDANT OF THE VICTOR OF WATERLOO AND GRANDEE OF SPAIN: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Photograph by Whitcomb.

those whom duty or pleasure caused to be commanded to Marlborough House. On the Accession some curiosity was felt as to how far the King would be able, in his new position, to play the rôle of genial host; but Edward VII. triumphed over the difficulties with apparent ease, and the dinner-parties and receptions presided over by him as monarch are every whit as delightful to his Majesty's gratified guests as they were in the days when the host's rôle was that of his Queen-Mother's first subject.

A Ducal Father and Son.

The Duke of Wellington has been coming prominently to the front of late as the moving spirit of the National Service League. His Grace was long known as Lord Arthur Wellesley, and though, oddly enough, he never had the luck to see any active service, he takes an enthusiastic as well as a traditional interest in the Army, and he has long advocated some kind of compulsory naval or military training for every boy born a British citizen. He is himself the father of four sons, who have all adopted, or are adopting, the Army as a profession; but Lord Gerald, who came of age last year, is regarded by many people as the one of the four brothers most resembling the great Duke. The owner of Apsley House is not only a Grandee of Spain—he and the Duchess received a special invitation to the wedding of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugénie—but he is also a large landowner, with magnificent estates in Granada.

CROWNS · CROWNETS · & COURTIER

THE King, as host, has to play many very different rôles, and never has this been shown more strikingly than at the present moment, when he is entertaining Prince Fushimi, on the one hand, and the Colonial Premiers on the other. Even as Prince of Wales his Majesty was noted for the gracious and tactful manner in which he entertained

Professor Schenck's Royal Rival.

Professor Schenck, the great Viennese scientist, whose name came so prominently before the public owing to the fact that the Russian Empress is said to have consulted him before the birth of the longed-for Tsarevitch, has now a royal rival. The Grand Duke Constantine, most literary and most learned member of the Imperial Romanoff family, has just printed privately an interesting book, entitled "Some Hints on the Determination of Sex, by a Non-Medical Man." His Imperial Highness can, perhaps, claim to be an authority on the subject, inasmuch as he is the proud father of six sons and two daughters.

A Pathetic Anniversary.

A royal birthday is generally an occasion for public rejoicing, but there is something deeply pathetic in the natal anniversary of King Otto of Bavaria, who but lately entered on his sixtieth year of life. The mad King lives his long, idle days in the delightful summer palace of Fürstenried, and there his Majesty spends his time in wandering about the lovely grounds, seeking, as he strangely terms it, his "lost past." King Otto is surrounded with as much state as his condition permits; he has two devoted equerries, who rarely leave his side, and a doctor is always in attendance.

"Teddy Junior's" Triumph.

No wonder the German Emperor wishes one of his sons to secure the friendship of "Teddy" Roosevelt Junior. It is clear that the youth has inherited not a little of his father's grit and determination of character; this was shown quite recently in connection with his being appointed assistant manager of his Varsity's crew. Apparently no post connected with Harvard athletics and sport is the object of so keen a contest; but, strangely enough, the question is decided—as is perhaps natural in the land of the mighty dollar—not by the candidate's own prowess on the river,

A ROYAL RIVAL TO PROFESSOR SCHENCK: THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, WHO HAS ISSUED A BOOK ON THE DETERMINATION OF SEX.



THE MAD KING WHO IS "LOOKING FOR HIS LOST PAST": AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF KING OTTO OF BAVARIA.

An Archbishop as Photographer.

Queen Alexandra, most enthusiastic and skilful of amateur photographers, must have felt that she had met a kindred spirit in the person of the Venerable Archbishop of Palermo, for when their Majesties called on the famous Churchman he asked permission to take their portraits, as well as that of Princess Victoria. His Grace—Roman ecclesiastics take ducal rank with regard to their mode of address—was then photographed by the Queen, who, as is well known, possesses the most remarkable collection of photographs of living celebrities in the world.

but by the amount he can manage to collect from his fellow-undergrads for the Crew Fund! Young Roosevelt set about this not very agreeable task like a man. He paid calls on all the students, and although he was much laughed at for taking so much personal trouble, he covered his assignment—as the list of men confided to each candidate is called—before any of the other competitors had got through theirs, thus securing a good start. Soon he had but three rivals, and about a fortnight ago the competition finally closed with a victory for young Roosevelt, who had collected more than a hundred dollars in excess of anyone else.



THE ARCHBISHOP WHO PHOTOGRAPHED THE QUEEN: THE ARCHBISHOP OF PALERMO.



"TEDDY" ROOSEVELT JUN., ASSISTANT MANAGER OF HIS UNIVERSITY'S CREW.

Photograph by the Boston Photo News Co.

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"THE SKETCH" THEORY OF THE DESCENT OF MAN.

DRAWN AND EVOLVED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



STAGE VII.—HOMO NOTQUITUS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. WILLIAM MACKINTOSH'S great success in the revival of "Clancarty" at the Lyric gives opportuneness to the recital of an incident which happened on the first night of the original production, and shows how an unrehearsed effect may win a striking success for an actor. The King was being acted by Mr. Charles Sugden, and in the speech in which he says to the Duke of Portland, "Had those precise members of the Parliament but left me my honest Dutchmen—but they were too faithful," his memory became a blank for the moment, and stopping with the word "but," he broke down with a cough and went up towards the back of the stage. The unexpected break, the cough, and the movement all came in with such dramatic appropriateness that the audience rewarded him with one of the loudest bursts of applause of the evening. The cough was suggested by Macaulay, on whose history Mr. Sugden relied for his portrait of the Dutchman, but, unlike Mr. Mackintosh, he did not use the foreign accent. It was universally admitted by the critics of that day to be a very fine piece of acting, the more remarkable in that Mr. Sugden was then only twenty-two or twenty-three years of age.

The introduction of the Dutch accent in the playing of King William was Mr. Mackintosh's own innovation, based on his study of the part for the famous production of "Clancarty" at the St. James's. He found marked references to that accent, which he, luckily, had opportunities of studying from two intimate friends. Mr. Hare, who produced the play, was at first rather afraid of the result when Mr. Mackintosh announced his intention of speaking with a Dutch accent. When the rehearsals began, however, all his fears were dispelled, and he was the first to pay the representative of the part his tribute of admiration and congratulation from the stage of his own theatre. Many people thought that Mr. Hare ought to have played the King, and told him so. He, however, stood out of the cast, in order to devote himself more entirely to the production. On the first night, when the curtain fell to unmistakable signs of a great success, Mr. Hare referred to the fact that he had not taken the part, and said: "My reason for not doing so is to be found in the splendid success made by Mr. Mackintosh," or words to that effect.

The vagaries in the pronunciation of Mr. Bouchier's name are numerous, but they were never demonstrated.

the purpose. One day one of the railway employes went to Mr. Benson and said, "Sur, there's a lot of Mr. Bowcaire's scenery at the station. What shall we do with it?" Mr. Benson was naturally nonplussed. "M. Beaucaire scenery," he said; "surely Mr. Waller hasn't sent that instead of the 'Othello' stuff." Eventually it was discovered that Mr. "Bowcaire" was not the name of Mr. Waller's famous play, but was the man's attempt at pronouncing Mr. Bouchier's name, and the Shakespeare realists were spared the shock of seeing Bath in the time of Beau Nash do duty either for Venice or for Cyprus, though had it been done it would probably not have mattered to Shakespeare himself, even in Stratford, could he have been aware of it.

Theatrical history, as everyone knows, invariably differs from the real thing. Here is an amusing incident of the way in which it is sometimes made. On Shakespeare's birthday, Miss Genevieve Ward, who had been playing Volumnia the previous evening to the Coriolanus of Mr. Benson, went with him and the other members of the company to the church. As they left, after the service and the pretty ceremony of strewing flowers on the grave, one of the local personages approached and invited Miss Ward to lunch. She turned to Mr. Benson and spoke to him, then she said, "I am so sorry I can't go to lunch, but my son says I must be photographed at the theatre." The remark was overheard by some people. Immediately there was a movement in the crowd, and whispers of "There's Mr. Benson's mother." Next day one of the papers in the locality printed a paragraph to the effect that among the pilgrims to the grave was Mr. Benson's mother, and from her hale and hearty appearance Mr. Benson's athletic tendencies could easily be explained.

The withdrawal of the Lord Chamberlain's license from "The Mikado" draws attention to the change which time has brought about in the artistic career of some of those who were concerned in its original production. Mr. George Grossmith and Miss Jessie Bond have retired, but Mr. Rutland Barrington is still playing in musical comedy. Miss Leonora Braham, the original Yum-Yum, is, for the moment, away from the musical stage, and is playing Mother Hunt, the old woman in "Clancarty." From her the representative of *The Sketch* derived an exceedingly interesting piece of practically unknown information connected with the opera. On the night of the dress-rehearsal, the powers that were decided to cut out the Mikado's famous song, with its humours of making "the punishment fit the crime." In that belief, the actors left the stage. Before they left the theatre, however, word was sent round that it would be tried the following night, with the result that it was one of the greatest "hits" of the piece.



DAN LENO JR.—MR. DAN LENO JUNIOR SINGING ONE OF HIS FAMOUS FATHER'S SONGS.

The late Dan Leno's son has taken to his father's profession, and is appearing at various music-halls. Naturally enough, he has adopted his father's methods and style of make-up, and sings many of his songs.

Photograph by Davies and Thornton.

more amusingly than one day last week at Stratford-on-Avon. As playgoers are aware, Mr. and Mrs. Bouchier played in "The Merchant of Venice," and Mr. Waller in "Othello." Both actor-managers used their own scenery, which was sent to Stratford for



"TOM JONES," AT THE APOLLO:
MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN AS TOM.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

HALF-PAST KISSING TIME!



THE LADY IN A HURRY: Why didn't you stop at once, conductor, when you saw me waving my hand?
THE FACETIOUS CONDUCTOR: Lor', Miss! Why I thought you was a-throwin' kisses at me.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THEY say that a country gets the government, a town the member, and a woman the husband that each deserves.

You may pity the capacity of the land, the town, or the lady, but need not utter lamentations over a union that is natural and not incongruous. Surely the same may be said of a book. The buyer gets that for which he bargains; and this the *Athenæum* itself perhaps recognises, even when from its well-earned pedestal it surveys the journals of the day. "Mr. Clarence Rook," it says, in a review of this light and witty penman's new book on Switzerland, "writes in a cheerful, journalistic style, without more regard for accuracy in detail than the style tolerates." That is well said, and implies no great reproach. There are dull books enough on Switzerland; and the publisher who goes to Mr. Rook, and the reader who goes to the publisher for Mr. Rook's book, knows what to expect—and gets it. He gets salience, he gets a rare humour; and these qualities are lightly paid for at the price of Mr. Rook's failure to detect the exact difference between a zither and a hackbrette, or his translation of 1200 mètres into only 1000 yards. Mr. Rook has the "striding heart from hill to hill," which no doubt shortened the way; if we had walked it with him, we should probably have made an estimate short by at least yet another three hundred yards.

Major Martin Hume is to edit for Messrs. Methuen a series of biographical and historical books under the rather dangerous title of "The Romance of History." The editor himself is to tell in the first volume "The Whole Story of the Spanish Armada"—another dangerous label. He who shall be sure he is telling the "whole story" of anything, even that in which he has taken a personal part, is a bold man. The door seems never to close finally on any affair of modern history; and, if Mr. Dobell has just unearthed a hitherto unknown version of the "Arcadia," we may be pretty sure that the last word will not be said even by Major Martin Hume about the relations between Elizabeth and Philip. The new friendship between England and Spain ought to lead to many literary "finds." It is amusing enough now to remember the English view of Philip, and to contrast it with that which is entertained of the King whom England has, in a manner, annexed—

The King of Spain—him is a Paynim,
A follower of Mahound;
And pity it were that lady fair
Should marry a Popish hound.

There is a kind of spirit in the verse which is said to endear it to Queen Victoria herself!

Those who lament the decadence of the 'quarterlies' should read in the *Edinburgh Review* the article on "The Peasant in French Literature." That is up to high-water mark. It has the

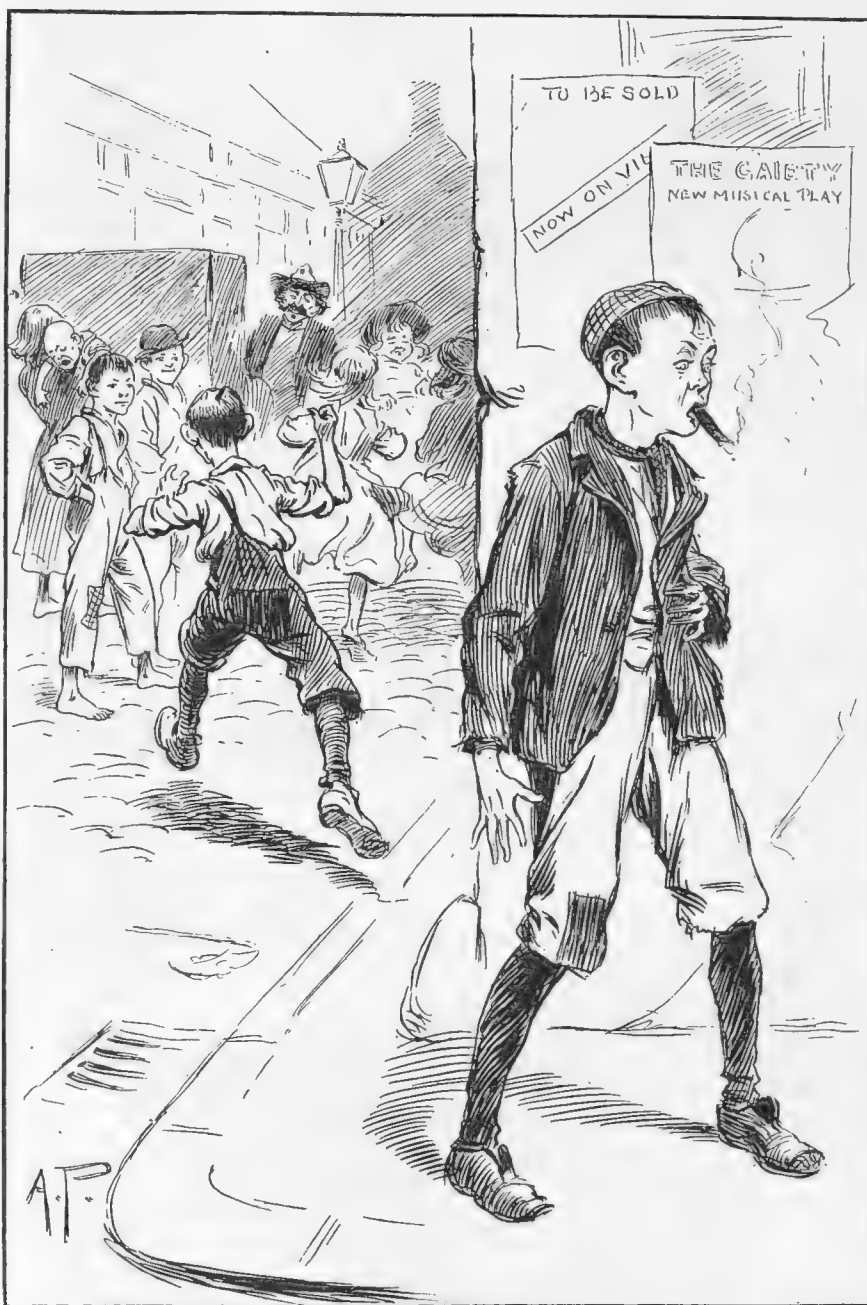
combination of lightness and learning, the swing of style in the expression of necessarily slow research, which go to the making of the true blue or true yellow reviewer, after the manner of Macaulay and Jeffrey and Brougham. There is one born quarterly reviewer among us now—Dr. William Barry, who has been long at the trade (not that it is one in which mere practice makes perfect), having contributed almost continuously to the *Edinburgh*, the *Dublin*, and the *Quarterly* for the last twenty-five years. By the way, the format of the quarterlies has so vastly improved of late that, with their thickened paper, the Duke of Wellington could hardly refer to them as "pamphlets"—a phrase by which he once gave to the supersensitive a certain measure of offence.

Sir W. B. Richmond persists in his battle with the smoke; it is time that Ouida's voice was raised again—it has a quality that is not easily stifled—but, in default, let the echo of Ruskin's be heard. In a private letter now before us his lamentations, which were distressful even in 1880, are thus written—"I have been seeing the falling away and vanishing of our best life, properly described—as I now feel it in advancing age—but both in you and me it is fearfully increased by the unexampled calamity of the ruin of the things we loved. Our Geneva—our Verona—twice dead—and plucked up by the roots. If I could stand now on the little bridge over the clear green moat with its swans, where I used to stand in the evenings with my father and mother—and see the same sunset-colour on the undiminished snows—the time would be pathetic indeed—but sweet, as death in Christ. But to stand in a gap between a gambling bank and a steam factory—a filthy gravel where the water was, and swans—and to see" (here is a smudge and scrawl of brown ink) "only that, is a form of hell before death. . . . Coniston itself is darkened with smoke."

The novelist has often played detective for the preacher, but there is

no novel to inform the Bishops about the barmaids. The Rev. Mr. Gamble, of Chelsea, has but puzzled the episcopal Temperance reformers by his declaration in favour of the gowned barristers of the public-house. Perhaps Mr. Gamble, remembering Stevenson's too humble confession that ladies turned to barmaids when he wrote about them, believes that every young woman among tumblers is a Seraphina or a Catriona. Let them stay among their tumblers, then. But Stevenson's phrase does not necessarily suffer inversion, and the barmaid demands a novel. Who, however, is equal to the task? Not even Mr. Henry James, without Mr. Pugh at his elbow, could quite surround her with explanations; and Mr. Kipling would teach us of her slang without her sentiment did he essay the task alone. It is a very cocktail of talent that must be brought to her service.

M. E.

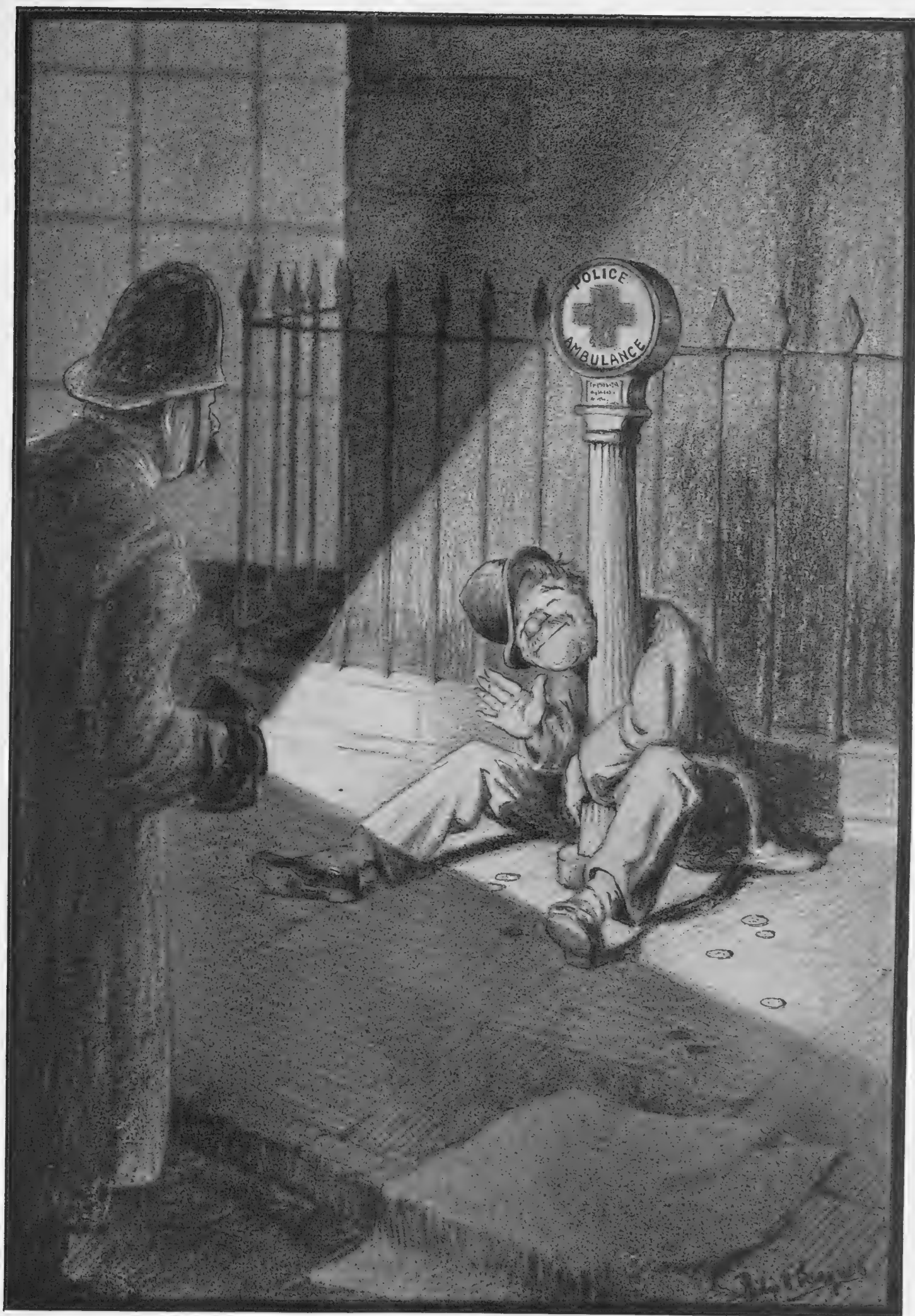


NEED FOR SPEED.

LITTLE JIM: Ikey's sneaked a weed. Come and see 'im puff—only 'urry up.

DRAWN BY ALFRED PEARSE.

"HELP! HELP!!"

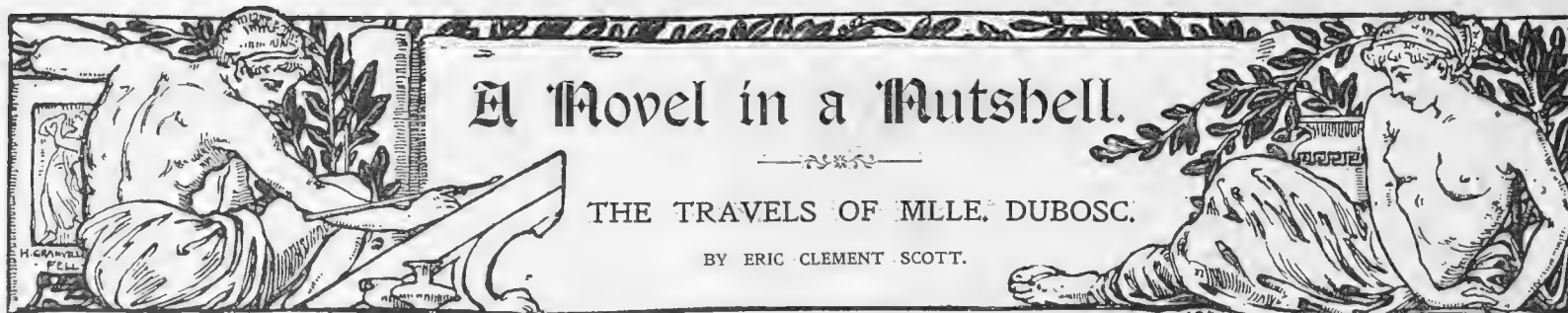


THE REVELLER (*hugging one of the new police-ambulance calls*): Conshtable, I've tried machine with pennies an' ha'pennies, an' it won't work. Dunno what do. Can't get anythin' out of it.

THE POLICEMAN: What do you expect to get—pills or plaster?

THE REVELLER: Getsh? Why, hot crossh buns, o' course.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



BOUY, that famous designer of *affiches*, who scowls if you recall to him his triumphs on the hoardings, and into whose eyes little tears of sensibility arise if you mention his "Sunset" in the Salon d'Automne—Bouy, that difficult man whom pigs of advertisers lure from the delights of painting masterpieces—Bouy, well beloved in Montmartre, put his head in at the conciergerie, and won a fresh victory over the heart of Madame Laroche by his manner of asking for the key of his studio.

"Ah, M. Bouy," cried Madame Laroche, "I have given the key to one who awaits you above. This one came but ten minutes ago, and learning from me that you were expected at six, 'Give me the key,' he cried, 'and I will make him welcome when he arrives.' Who? Why, no other than M. Colombin come back."

"Colombin! that old and wicked man!" exclaimed the painter, and sped on his way up six storeys.

Bouy held his friend by the two shoulders at arms' length, expressed commiseration for his *mauvaise mine*, and demanded the history of the witch who had spirited him away from Montmartre.

"You shall learn all, my friend. But first pour out a glass of Dubonnet. I found it in the cupboard, and the *cigarettes roses*, I found them among the paints."

When they were comfortably established in two chairs drawn up to the stove, the sculptor, for such was Colombin, drew a sigh and began his tale.

"My friend, you have never been possessed by a devil, so I despair of presenting to you a true picture of my attachment to Rose Dubosc. It is now six weeks since she came, Rose, to my studio, mad with rage at the hunger which attacked her. The tears veiled the brilliancy of her great black eyes. 'Take me as your model,' she commanded, 'or it will be bad for you.' I took her as my model, and think you it was good for me? On the contrary. It was all that was bad. Thus do women keep their word." The sculptor's voice shook with self-pity.

"We heard that a siren herself had taken you away," said Bouy gently.

"They were right, those gossips. But let me tell you. Never did food do so much for woman. I took her instantly to dine at the Coq d'Or. When the coffee and *petits verres* were reached, she leaned her elbows on the table, and, the better to look at me, let her long lashes droop over her eyes. Such a glance! It was deadly. I trembled slightly, then shrugged my shoulders like a wise man at the fate which had befallen me. 'Eh bien?' she asked. Her voice, I must tell you, has the timbre of stringed instruments.

"Eh bien?" I seemed to hear from across the water the sound of a mandoline.

"I have nothing to say," I answered, 'only have pity.'

"She stretched her hand across the table and laid it on mine: It was a touch, a caress, carrying with it oblivion of all in the world save Rose Dubosc.

"I like you very much, my friend," she said. To another woman I would have bowed with irony, but on her I could only gaze with the glint of admiration in my eyes.

"Besides," she went on, 'even if you find me rather a burden at times I will make make it up to you. I will bathe your life in soft lights.' She looked at me again and I dropped my eyes. She smiled gently. 'As for your art, I will be an inspiration to you. You will know what it is to have a great artist as your model.' Of what use a girl, however beautiful, unless the soul shines through her eyes and she can express a poem in the pose of her finger-tips? You shall achieve your masterpiece, and the unthinking world will be agape with wonderment, but the knowing will say, "It is Rose Dubosc who has done this." Thus did she talk to me at our first meeting, this wonderful woman. Long before the end of dinner she had bound me to her with chains of gold. I followed her out of the restaurant, her proud and willing captive. She gave me a taste of the whip before I had reached the door: As we were passing out a big, blonde fellow, dining alone, looked upon her with admiration. She returned his glance and smiled. I turned faint with the agony of jealousy. I could barely support my steps to the door. When we were outside I was about to frame an expression of pained remonstrance at her conduct, when she turned to me.

"That was a brave fellow," she said with a backward shrug.

"It was not kind of you to smile at him when you were with me," I said gently.

"She turned on me like a fury. 'Miserable man!' she cried, 'do you dare play the Oriental and forbid me to look at another?' With that she drew herself up superbly, struck me a light blow of infinite contempt upon the chest, and in a flash was gone."

"She left you?"

"Yes, my friend. Left me amid the snickers of those on the terrace who had witnessed the scene."

"Did you not follow her?"

"In vain. By the time I had recovered my wits she had vanished. I rushed blindly in the direction she had taken. The earth might have swallowed her. She has the grace and speed of the immortals. She does not walk here, go there. She appears and disappears. To add to my chagrin, I had bought tickets for the theatre."

"The ingrate! Had it been I, that would have ended our association," said Bouy firmly.

The sculptor directed a gaze of pity upon his friend. "You do not know Rose Dubosc," he said. "May you never know her!" he added fervently.

This time the painter smiled with equal pity for his friend.

"No wonder you have the *mauvaise mine*," he said. "But continue."

"Well, I paced the streets in search of my lost angel. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that, in spite of my wrongs, all trace of resentment left me, and that, had I chanced upon her, I should have kissed the hem of her robe. After an hour's fruitless search, the thought struck me she had perchance repented of her cruelty and repaired to my studio. I dashed for the nearest Métro station en route for Montmartre. She was not at my studio. I spent the evening making a study of 'Despair'—an idea which struck me upon catching sight of my reflection in the mirror. Two miserable days passed. At length I had news of her."

"Ah! The penitent would dine with you again?"

"Let me tell you, Bouy, that such remarks from one who does not know Rose Dubosc are merely ridiculous."

"I will not contest the point. Go on!"

"Then you shall hear. I was sitting in the afternoon, looking at my 'Despair,' and wondering why the clumsy fingers cannot better fashion the tragic thoughts which surge in the heart. Suddenly there came a knock at the door. I knew instinctively that it was she, or news of her. I opened the door hastily, and recoiled before the vision of a man literally hung with parcels. The base of his surprising load consisted of four milliner's boxes. Upon this was reared a tower of band-boxes, while light packages dangled from his fingers. Only the red face of the man was visible, surmounted by a cap inscribed 'Printemps!'"

"Mlle. Rose Dubosc?" he gasped.

"But for the burden which encompassed him I would have embraced him."

"You bring me news of her?" I cried.

"My question so surprised him that he let fall the boxes like an avalanche at my feet.

"News?" he said sternly. "Do you tell me that these purchases were made without your knowledge?" With this he held out an envelope. I opened it. It was a bill for a thousand francs.

"All is quite in order," I replied coldly. "I will communicate with your firm without delay." When he had retired I fell upon the boxes. In a few minutes my studio was strewn with hats, mantles, lingerie, and gloves. I thrilled at the thought of the taste Rose had displayed in her purchases—there was a dainty woman for you!—the while I sought feverishly for the note which I felt convinced she in her playful way would contrive to hide among the finery. I found it twisted into a pair of rolled up pink corsets. I have it here." The sculptor produced a crumpled letter and read—

MON CHERI,—I trust you have recovered from the wicked humour which drove me in sorrow from you outside the Coq d'Or. My heart is full of forgiveness. So grieve no more. As a proof that my love has survived the cruel shock you gave it I am forwarding a few trifles I have purchased for our journey to the Sunny South. I fly to you to-morrow to arrange the journey. *A la bonheur.*—THY ROSE.

"My poor Colombin," said Bouy. "Your love must indeed have been great to stand the insolence of that epistle. As *les Angliches* say in their droll way, 'It is a leetle too thick.'"

[Continued overleaf.]

DOMESTIC ASSURANCE!



SHE: Been married eight years, eh? Have they any children?

HE: No; their cook objects to children.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.

"My friend," answered the sculptor, "the letter was indeed of a thickness incredible. But if you knew Rose Dubosc you would have kissed this thick letter even as I did."

"Bah!" said Bouy, "I should like to meet your Rose, if only to prove to her that men are not all——"

"Such idiots," put in Colombin with a wan smile.

"So chivalrous," corrected his friend warmly.

"Don Quixote or not, I thought the next day would never pass, though I whiled away the time making a study for an allegorical group to be entitled 'Joy.' She surprised me at this work. 'Do you want 'Joy'?' she cried, when I had explained my purpose. 'Then watch me.' With that she threw herself into a posture with arms outstretched and a look on her face as if she saw a vision. I was as one entranced. She chanted joy with every fibre of her body. She came back to earth with a little laugh. 'Dear Colombin,' she said in her voice of gold, 'let me look at the purchases.'"

"An attractive woman surely, but not my sort," growled Bouy. "I have no patience with those tantalising little devils."

"Patience! Ah, that is the virtue one learned of necessity from acquaintance with Rose Dubosc. A thousand times I said to myself—'That is too strong,' and shook with a very tempest of rage and annoyance. What did she do but smile up in my face, and with a soft look exorcise the black devils? To show you the extent of my slavery I will narrate the incidents of our departure. The evening of her return to the studio she was in gentle mood. I can see her now lying on a low settee in indolent grace, one little hand which supported her head almost lost in the tumbled glory of her red-gold hair. With the other she accompanied the word-pictures she drew of our life away from the haunts of men. She never paused for a word. She might have been reciting passages from a play. Summer seemed to live in her words. I could see a little cottage perched on a hill by a pine copse. Across the valley the sun struck warm upon the red-topped fruit walls, and lighted up the myriad tints of green and yellow patchwork which man has spread about the country and hung upon the hills. The tall poplars stood sentinels by the silver stream. The air was scented with delicate breaths from the vineyards and from the fields of flowers and strawberries.

"And you, my Rose, shall be the fairest flower in all the garden," I cried, 'for to-morrow we go south in search of an earthly paradise!' Together we weaved a chaplet of gay to-morrows. She went away in all her new finery, leaving me sunk in dreams of to-morrow." The sculptor sighed ruefully. "To-morrow came and with it a *petit bleu* from Rose to say that she was *desolée*, but departure was impossible.

"She gave no reason?"

"Of course she gave a reason," said Colombin stiffly. "She had forgotten that the date was that arranged for the wedding of her sister."

"Wedding of her great-grandmother!" growled Bouy, "for whom, no doubt, she had schemed the possession of those new clothes."

The sculptor glared at his friend.

"A great-grandmother," pursued the relentless painter, "who is a brave fellow, blonde in type, and with the custom of dining at the Coq d'Or."

"M. Bouy," said Colombin, springing to his feet, "I allow no one, not even you, to speak thus of Rose. True, she has cast a pall of gloom upon my life, but the leaden days she has caused me are veined with golden hours. To prove how unfounded are your suspicions, I have merely to say that, proceeding in search of distraction to the woods of St. Cloud, I ran across the wedding party holding high revel in a café on the banks of the Seine. All unbeknown to Rose, I watched the light play of her features and drank in the music of her laughter—then went on my way alone."

The sculptor, after his burst of wrath, had sat down, and his shoulders once more took on their dejected droop.

"You will forgive me, Bouy," he went on humbly; "although I have cast her out of my heart for ever, I cannot bear to hear a word in disparage of her."

"*Bigre!*" said Bouy. "You are as much in love with the witch as ever. But continue, my friend. What of the journey? Did you discover your little cottage on the pine-clad slopes?"

The sculptor directed a jaded glance upon his friend. "We went to Monte Carlo," he said sadly.

"A thousand devils!" cried Bouy, once more bounding from his chair. "Was it at Monte Carlo you expected to find your Arcady?"

"By no means. But she took first the notion into her head and then bought the tickets. When she came to my studio with the news of her little surprise, there was no help for it but to feign a great joy and use the tickets. I was beginning to know her by then. Had I pulled a long face, she would have gone to Monte Carlo with another."

"My poor Colombin! Was ever a man so imposed upon by a woman?"

"She was indeed inclined to be inconsiderate at times; but, *mon cher* Bouy, such is the extraordinary fascination of this woman, that one is irresistibly drawn to her, although one's reason clamours in protest against the attraction."

"My friend," said Bouy sententiously, "a man has one weapon against these dangerous charmers. It is to avoid them. You have

convinced me that she is more than a match for a mere man as long as he keeps within range. For my part, I would give her a wide berth, and if one came, saying, 'Rose Dubosc, there, is a charmer whose acquaintance you should make,' I would decline the honour of the introduction. But continue with your story. She lost all your money at the tables; I suppose?"

"Yes. I was prepared for that," said Colombin; "but I did not bargain for the duel."

"What! You fought for her?"

"No help for it, my friend. She slapped the face of one, the Marquis de Hauteville, in public, because he jogged her elbow at the tables. There was a scene, I can tell you. The coolest of all was the Marquis. 'Find me the gentleman who accompanies this lady,' he said in cutting tones to the friend by his side, 'and I will kill him to-morrow.'

"At your service, Monsieur," I said, stepping forward, and not liking the position of affairs at all. A meeting was quickly arranged. Luckily for me, as it transpired, he is one of the best swordsmen in Europe, while I, as you know——"

"What! Did you kill him by accident?"

"No; he refrained from killing me by design. A scratch which I received ended the affair. I only heard of his fame after it was over. Of course, I taxed him with the insult of not killing me, as lay in his power. For answer, he burst into a merry laugh, and clapped me on the back. He invited me to déjeuner. We became fast friends. I am to do a bust of him when he returns to Paris. But if the duel gained me a friend it lost me my model. Rose met us on our return. The Marquis and I were arm-in-arm. He saw the danger-signal in her eye, and left us with a gracious bow. I could find nothing to say better than 'Dear Rose, I am alive.'

"You are dead to me," she retorted. 'How dare you walk arm-in-arm with a man whom it was your duty to kill?' This novel idea suddenly advanced made me pause to think. 'Colombin,' she went on in tones of soft reproach, 'you have proved yourself unworthy of me. It is better that we should part. I shall always cherish the thought that I have had some little influence upon your life and upon your art.'

"My heart was full. I could not speak. Silently we repaired together to the hotel to prepare for our departure. We left Monte Carlo that evening. Our parting took place in the Gare de Lyon.

"Colombin," she said, 'you have a tiny feeling of relief at parting with me.'

"No, no!" I cried.

"But yes, my friend. It fills you with a kind of shame. Thank you for that."

"I was silent.

"It is only natural, as I am rather a trial, but if the longing to see me again comes over you like a nausea you can always hear of my whereabouts by inquiring at the Taverne de la Grande Armée in Bourg le Roi. It is kept by my sister's husband."

The sculptor's head sank on his breast. "I have not seen her since," he said.

There was a silence, broken by Bouy. "And the nausea?" he asked.

"I felt it indeed, but I mastered it. A wonderful woman truly, but one is happier away from her."

"Spoken like a philosopher!" cried Bouy. "After an experience like yours one is twice shy." The painter took his friend by the shoulders, and looked in his eyes. "You are quite cured, eh?" he asked.

"Quite. Rose Dubosc shall never be more to me than a memory."

"Good. Then let us to the Coq d'Or to celebrate your return and your recovery!"

A month later Colombin sat in a café on the Boulevard des Italiens. He was tired but happy after a successful quest in Bourg le Roi. They had given him an address, the good people at the Taverne de la Grande Armée, where Rose Dubosc was surely to be found. The sculptor finished his absinthe, and with a light heart set his face towards a street which ran down to the Left Bank.

Arrived at the house of which he was in search, Colombin took a ten-franc piece from his pocket and approached the concierge.

"Mlle. Rose Dubosc?" he inquired.

"Ah, Monsieur, she has left Paris these four days," replied the man.

"That is indeed annoying. She left no address?"

"She has gone south, Monsieur. Beyond that I know nothing, except that she left a letter in case one M. Colombin should call."

"I am M. Colombin."

"Thank you, Monsieur. I give you the letter immediately."

The sculptor took the letter and made for the street. Under the light of the nearest lamp he read—

MON CHER,—Every day I have awaited your coming. Surely he will take this little trouble, I said, to find Rose Dubosc. The days passed, and still I put away the thought that you did not care to see me again. Once I was even weak enough to start for the studio, but recovered my pride long before I reached there. There has been one lately filled with devotion for me. I grew weary of Paris and the cold, so permitted him to take me to Hyères—a delightful spot. Life is very droll. It is he of whom you have so often spoken—your friend Bouy.—R. D.

THE END.

"MAX" ON MEN: CARICATURES AT THE CARFAX GALLERY; AND "WORLD'S WHISPERS."

EXCURSIONS and alarums invariably follow the immediate close of the football season, for on the first day of May poachers from other clubs may approach the men not already re-engaged by their old teams. Managers have discovered that the first day of May begins when the last stroke of midnight, April 30, has sounded, and they commence operations by signing on men whom by some strange chance they have met scores of miles from home on the other side of mid-

nigh t. The conventional character of sensations has been varied this time by the disappearance of two famous players—one from Bristol, the other

from Northampton. A similar sensation occurred a few years ago in Birmingham, where the Villa captain was reported sick, and went home to Scotland. The next thing known was that the sick

MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON
(The well-known painter; with James Pryde, the Beggarstaff Brothers).

man had won a great professional pedestrian handicap. On another occasion a whole team of men, the Blackburn Olympic, disappeared in the hours preceding a Cup-tie. Agents were out after the men, and their secretary had got them down a coal-mine and had kept them there till kicking-off time.

The Worm as Farmer. Reading the recommendations of the Board of Agriculture, as laid before the House of Lords the other day, and the reports of the havoc which farmers are working

among the birds, there comes to mind a picture published in *The Sketch* last year of a huge green covered with the worms upon which the war had been made by its possessors. They know something of the wormat Lord's, where the sinuous twister plays more tricks with bats-



MR. SARGENT AT WORK.

men than even Bosanquet when he has got his length. Then, think of it, the cricketer's enemy, the vandal of the lawn, the pest of the putting-green, is the very bread-giver to a whole people elsewhere. There is an amazingly interesting document in existence which tells of the work of the worm for agriculture in the Yoruba country, north-east of Lagos. The worms, it is shown, turn up five pounds of earth on every square foot, which means that over 60,000 tons of sub-soil are brought to the surface of the earth in every square mile. And to that untiring,

incessant labour the people of that part of West Africa owe their livelihood. Where the worm is, there they settle; where the worms are not, they know that it is of no use their farming.

The City of Strikes.

If you can survive the shock of being waited on by a *garçon* with a moustache, you have no guarantee that you are going to get your dinner when you sit down in your favourite Paris restaurant. The cook is on

strike. Ten to one when you are half-way through the menu your waiter will approach with a sickly smile and say, "A thousand regrets, Monsieur, but the *poulet*

sauté is off." "How off?" you ask, *poulet* being one of those things you could never imagine a restaurant being without. "Eh bien, Monsieur, it is because of the cook. You see, his eight hours are up, and he will not work any more."

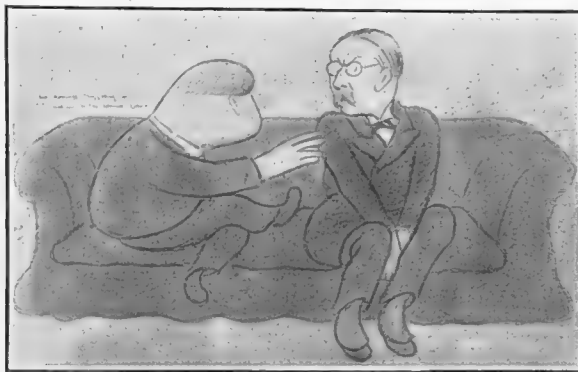
"But can't you make him?" you ask in your hunger and innocence. "We dare not," is the reply; "he would join the strikers." "He is not, then, your regular cook?" "Oh, no, he left two days ago. This is a *remplaçant*—he was the plate-washer." There is hardly a section of the Parisian population which has not struck, except the tax-gatherer; he is just as annoyingly regular in his habits as ever he was. Electricians, coiffeurs, bakers, waiters, sugar-refiners—they are all at it. *La grève* promises to be the leading industry of Paris.

The Return to the Ape.

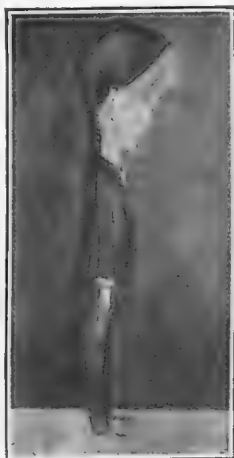
A family in Paris who are reported to have determined to walk on all-fours for ever hereafter are said by the pseudo-scientists who write for the daily papers to be showing signs of a return to the ape.

Are these people, then, the kin of some with whom Dumas was acquainted? He was all his life taunted, it will be remembered, with his negro

descent, and an inquisitive person one day cross-examined him with the following result: "You are a quadroon, M. Dumas." "I am, Sir," said the author. "And your father?" "Was a mulatto." "And your grandfather?" "Was a negro." "And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?" the impertinent bore went on: "An ape, Sir!" roared Dumas. "An ape, Sir! My pedigree commences where yours terminates!"



LORD NORTHCLIFFE SUGGESTING A HEAD-LINE
TO MR. GOSSE.



MR. GRANVILLE BARKER
(The well-known actor and producer).



THE MARQUESS DE SOVALAL
(The Portuguese Minister).



LORD ALTHORP
(The Lord Chamberlain, who has withdrawn the license for "The Mikado").



MR. W. J. LOCKE TAKING TEA AT
THE CLUB
(The author of "The Morals of Marcus," "The Palace of Puck," &c.).

KEY-NOTES

THE Opera Season opened with an excellent performance of the "Rheingold," and although no more than two or three of the singers were new to Covent Garden, the opera did not lack interest on that account. The orchestra, under Dr. Richter, was heard at its best; the broad and comparatively simple lines upon which the tetralogy is built up were set out in fashion that seemed to encourage the closest attention. The stage-management was more effective than it has been in our recollection, and from the first bar to the last the opera was carried through vigorously and with the utmost spirit by all concerned. The Mime of Herr Bechstein is a remarkably attractive rendering, and awakened a special interest in the performance of "Siegfried." Another piece of work that was specially interesting was the impersonation of Fricka by Madame Kirkby Lunn. Not only was the part beautifully sung, it was treated sympathetically. Very many German singers make Wotan's wife so unattractive that the god's lapses from strict morality are quite explained, if not justified. In the "Rheingold," as in the "Walküre," Madame Kirkby Lunn gave a different reading of the part, and, without loss of dramatic effect, added very considerably to the interest.

"Die Walküre" brought Herr Kraus back to Covent Garden. It is impossible to affect an enthusiasm for this singer's methods, but the fact remains that there are very few men in Germany or out of it who can sing the Siegfried and Siegmund music, and Herr Kraus is admitted to be the best where none are really altogether acceptable. We have heard the singer in operas where he has really sung the music, and then the result has been altogether satisfactory. In the "Ring" operas, unfortunately, he is apt to declaim unduly. The Sieglinde, Madame Fleischer Edel, gave a curiously uneven performance, starting badly, rising to moments of great beauty in the love duet at the end of the first act, and ending indifferently. The Valkyries, reinforced by Mesdames Kirkby Lunn and Agnes Nicholls, distinguished themselves, and the Brünnhilde of Madame Gulbranson was very satisfactory, if not epoch-making. Herr Whitehill sang the Wotan music with splendid effect, and invested the character with all the necessary dignity. Once again the hand of the stage-manager was strengthened. The mounting was better than ever, though the horses of the Valkyries really justified those who smiled. To be sure, they no longer looked as if they had been purchased from a country roundabout, but they still failed to suggest even a comparatively remote relationship to the real thing.

Of "Bastien and Bastienne," produced on Thursday night, it need only be said that Mozart wrote the little work when he was twelve. It is exceedingly dainty, fresh, and delicate, but after a century and a half it remains twelve years old—hardly old enough for Covent Garden. "Hansel and Gretel" is one of the most charming of modern light operas, and, interpreted as it was at Covent Garden, the issue of its appeal was never in doubt. Fräulein Hempel made a charming Gretel, Fräulein Fiebigler sang the Hansel music very prettily, and Herr Zador's Peter is quite a

striking creation. The mounting was beautiful, and Mr. Percy Pitt handled the score with great skill.

M. de Pachmann has hinted to an interviewer that his recital at the Queen's Hall this afternoon may be the last he will give in this country. He is leaving for Paris, where he has not played for more than twenty years, and he has so many other long-standing engagements on the Continent that he may not be able to return to this country. M. de Pachmann, who will enter his sixtieth year in a month or two, made his first appearance in London twenty-five years ago. His reputation is world-wide, and despite certain mannerisms and eccentricities he will always be regarded as the greatest interpreter of Chopin in his generation. It is interesting to hear that M. de Pachmann regards Godowsky as the finest pianist of the present day, and that he thinks Liszt was unapproached and unapproachable. It may not be generally known that M. de Pachmann is a Chevalier of the Order of Dannebrog, and that, to quote his own words, his piano-playing has served "as a pass for admission into nearly all the Royal Palaces of Europe."

In his last concert with the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall Herr Arthur Nikisch more than sustained his reputation as one of our few great conductors. He opened with the Haydn Symphony in G, a work of characteristic brightness and vivacity, which was excellent as a foil to the succeeding numbers, although it made no very great demands upon Herr Nikisch's emotional resources. These were taxed to the utmost in the "Francesca da Rimini," Tchaikowsky's glorious translation of Dante into the poetry of sheer sound, but the consummate Capellmeister emerged triumphant from the ordeal. One question, indeed, whether any other conductor could interpret the composer's meaning as truly. It is Nikisch's opportunity of temperament, and he seizes it to the finest issues. Curiously enough, he seemed to come short of excellence in "Tristan und Isolde." Perhaps his grasp and his intention are too swift for the long

Wagnerian surge. He seemed scarcely deliberate enough, but our taste may be perverted by slower readings.

The Santley Jubilee Concert was as successful as its most enthusiastic supporters could have wished, and those who were able to give the music the attention it deserved could not help noticing that the concert itself would have justified their support, even if there had been no great occasion behind it. In his reply to Lord Kilmorey's address, Mr. Santley made a very pleasant and straightforward little speech. He pointed out that the occasion was his artistic, rather than his singer's jubilee, which passed many years ago, and he went on to declare stoutly that this was by no means his farewell concert, and that he hoped to appear many more times before his public. The attitude is excellent. Let us have jubilee concerts or benefit concerts as often as there is occasion for them, but do not let them be called farewell concerts, unless they mark the last appearance in public of the singer for whose benefit they are arranged. COMMON CHORD.

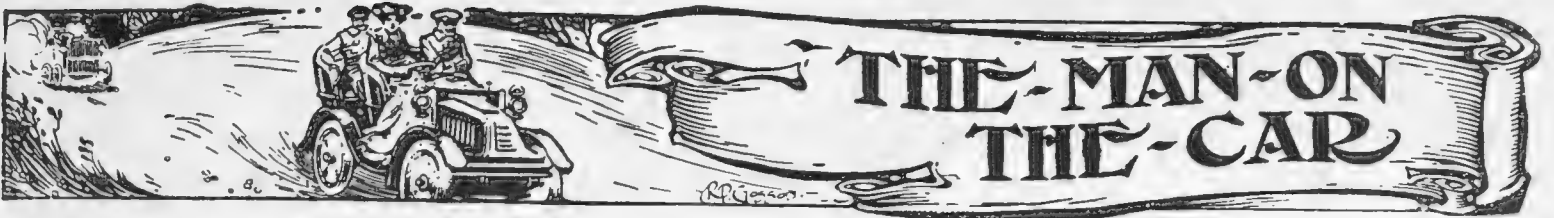


M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN, THE GREAT PIANIST, WHO IS LIKELY TO MAKE HIS FAREWELL APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

M. Vladimir de Pachmann gives a recital at Queen's Hall to-day, and the occasion, it is said, will mark his last public appearance in this country. He is not to retire, however, for other nations will hear him, notably Paris, which he has not visited for two-and-twenty years.

M. de Pachmann is fifty-nine.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.



A COMING PLETHORA OF MOTOR-RACING—TOURIST TROPHY AND HEAVY CAR RACE ON THE SAME DAY—ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HERKOMER—BOILERS, BATTLE-SHIPS, AND AUTOMOBILES—TEN THOUSAND MILES NON-STOP: THE HOTCHKISS TAKES A HAND—THE CHENARD-WALCKER GEAR.

FOR those who fancy it, and are prone to be thrilled by it, there will be motor sport and to spare this season. In addition to the periodical meetings on the Brooklands Motor Track, Bexhill, and, I fancy, Blackpool, will have their speed days; while a rumour flies to the effect that the much-discussed Marina Parade, at Brighton, now that the aldermen or other elders of that seductive seaside resort have been acquitted of the charges for "tarmacing" the speed-way, may again see some motor-racing. What pleases and profits sunny Nice should surely be acceptable to Brighton, save and except that, while the gay folk of the South appreciate anything that is done for their amusement, there is ever a section with us who live and die spoil-sports; and, living, leave no stone unturned to curtail the joys of others.

Wednesday, May 29, will be quite a busy day in the Isle of Man, for, for reasons at present undivulged, the Royal Automobile Club have resolved to run the Tourist Trophy Race and the Heavy Touring Car Race on the same day. The total number of cars

Continent has not been followed to any considerable extent in this country. Those world-famous engineers and shipbuilders, Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., of Chiswick, Southampton, and Basingstoke, are almost the only firm we, on our side, can set against such concerns as Hotchkiss, Delaunay-Belleville, Peugeot, and, De Dietrich, although they are a host in themselves and are famous now for heavy motor-wagons as well as light pleasure-cars. I was moved to this reflection by dropping across an artistic production, entitled "Thornycroft Cars, 1907," in which all the information really required in the first instance by an intending purchaser is found without any unnecessary padding.

Ten thousand miles observed test runs have become quite the vogue since the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company set the fashion with their 40 h.-p. four-cylinder Siddeley, which, like "Charley's Aunt," is still running. It will be remembered that when this car had completed a non-stop run of 2856 miles, the change-speed lever broke, a failure quite unheard of before, so that the non-stop



FESTOONED WITH DEAD BIRDS: AN AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S MOTOR-CAR HUNG WITH HIS BAG.

The American sportsman is particularly fond of using the motor-car while on shooting expeditions. From time to time we have published in "The Sketch" photographs of cars specially fitted for the use of the American shot. Now comes this photograph of an ordinary car hung with the result of a day's sport.

entered for the race is thirty-one, but it is more than doubtful if the holders, Messrs. Rolls-Royce and Co., will defend the trophy, and, greatly to the regret of all who witnessed or read of George's wonderful driving in last year's race, Argylls are conspicuous by their absence. There is no doubt that Argyll Motors have a grievance against the Club, and although some effort has been made by the Club officials to explain it away, Scottish pride has been touched to the quick, and the Company is not to be moved from their resolve.

The Continental Tyre and Rubber Company have been at considerable pains to compile a small, but none the less most absorbingly interesting, work commemorative of last year's race for the Herkomer Trophy. Those who witnessed the game struggle for the great artist's plate and the Touring Race of West Germany will, in perusing this work and gazing on the numerous illustrations, live over again the exciting hours spent on the road. At the very outset we are appropriately reminded that all the cars from first to tenth, except the seventh, ran on Continental non-skids; that these tyres served the first, second, and third cars in the Simmering Hill Climb, and also the first and third cars in the Fürstenried Park-races. A great record.

It is remarkable that the example of embarking in the motor business set by great and old-established engineering firms on the

tallying had to be recommenced. Since that time, and up to Friday, April 26, this car had completed an absolute non-stop run of 6427 miles, and is now continuing to achieve, if possible, the original intention of the undertaking—namely, to cover 10,000 miles of give-and-take road in all sorts and conditions of weather without an involuntary stop. Now we have a six-cylinder Hotchkiss car on the road on the same errand, this car having left the Royal Automobile Club at 2 p.m. on Monday, April 29. This is the identical car which has just completed 10,000 kilometres in France.

One has grown so accustomed to the dull repetition of the Panhard type of gear-box, with its *train-baladeur*, that, save when one encounters interesting varieties of epicycloidal combinations such as the Adams-Hewet, the Reo, and the Wilson-Pilcher, little or no variation in design is expected. I was accordingly somewhat surprised when, peering lately into the gloomy and greasy recesses of the gear-box of a 30-h.p. Chenard-Walcker, I lighted upon an interesting development. When this arrangement is examined it is found that on all but the direct-drive top-speed each of the driven wheels on the driven shaft, when in drive, is in mesh with and driven by four driving pinions, on four secondary gear shafts, set round the primary shaft at 90 degrees to each other. The dead alignment and rigidity of this drive is undeniable. Also, it makes the gear-change quite noiseless. The Chenard-Walcker cars are full of clever points in design.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

GATES—AMATEUR TRAINERS.

IT has been noticed that the attendance at race-meetings has very much increased since the passing of the new Betting Act, and the cheap rings at the enclosed meetings are now filled to overflowing; while at a free and open event like Epsom the crowd on the hill grows at every occasion, and I expect there will be a bumper at the Summer Meeting to see Slieve Gallion canter home for the Derby—as on form he should do. The Chester Meeting, which is in progress, has come on by leaps and bounds since the late Duke of Westminster lent his powerful influence to the undertaking. It was his Grace who suggested the giving of a Cheshire cheese to each of the owners of the placed horses in the Cup. As a long-distance race, the contest is one of the best to watch, and the betting is generally of a spirited character. One of the best meetings of the whole year is the Jubilee fixture at Kempton. For Friday and Saturday, Mr. Walter Hyde tells me, everything is in apple-pie order. The course is perfect going, and the scene just now is very fine, the trees and shrubs being in full bloom.



A COMPETITOR FOR THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP IN IRELAND:
MRS. BROWN.

Those ladies who take golf seriously go either to Ireland or to Scotland to decide their open championship when they do not play in England—

Photographs by Kate Praeger.

for a Metropolitan meeting, when the manager of the meeting actually agreed to knock off a big sum if the firm undertook to supply lemonade, soda-water and ginger-beer in the cheap ring at two-pence per bottle. This was readily agreed to, and the contract for several years was duly fixed up. Other clerks of courses, please copy.

Amateur trainers have been doing wonderfully well of late under both sets of racing rules. The Hon. G. Lambton and the Hon. F. Lambton have both turned out good winners on the flat. Mr. Peebles brought off a big double at Epsom, and Mr. Farquharson captured the Newbury Cup. I fancy the gentlemen trainers will hold their own against the professionals, and of the amateurs it can be said they



MILLIONAIRE, SPORTSMAN, AND
BEAU: MR. S. B. JOEL.

Photograph by Bassano.

The race for the Jubilee Stakes will, as usual, be an exciting one, and it may not, after all, be the walk-over for Polar Star that many good judges have predicted. I am told that several owners have been saving up horses to have a cut at Colonel Hall Walker's crack three-year-old. Before dismissing the subject of racecourse crowds I should like to add that it is absolutely necessary that the cheapening people should be supplied with refreshments at reasonable prices. In this particular I may add that a firm of refreshment contractors recently offered a certain rental for being allowed to cater

are not lacking in intelligence and they are not prejudiced against new ideas. The old-time trainer has one style only. "As it was in the beginning," is his motto. The young amateur, on the other

hand, is all the time on the look-out for methods to improve his horses. Mr. T. A. Withycombe-Fraser, of the Lothian and Berwickshire Yeomanry, the regiment of which Mr. J. Ferguson was a member, is open to an offer to become a private trainer and to ride horses in steeplechases and hurdle-races down South. Mr. Fraser weighs 10 st. 5 lb. in ordinary clothes, and is reckoned one of the best horsemen in his regiment. Mr. Fraser has been a gentleman rider since 1901, and has ridden in steeplechases and hurdle races (military) before that and since. He has ridden trials innumerable, and has owned and trained many chasers, including the notorious Timon, of Grand National repute. I mention these facts, as there may be some big owner of jumpers on the look out for a good trainer and rider. The tendency of the age is to encourage the amateur, and I am of the opinion that the more gentlemen

trainers
and
jockeys
are em-

ployed under National Hunt rules the better will it be for the sport. There are, of course, capable men in the ranks of the professionals, but many of the lantern-jawed jockeys and pudding-faced trainers are quite out of place in their business; and I am still of the opinion that ignorance should be punished as a crime on the Turf. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

MILLIONAIRE, SPORTSMAN, AND BEAU.

Mr. S. B. Joel, known to his friends and—no, he has no foes—as "Solly," is a many-sided millionaire. Not content with being the most active of the partners in the famous house of Barnato



A COMPETITOR FOR THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP IN IRELAND:
MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL.

—This year Ireland is the choice, and Newcastle, county Down, the favoured place. Miss Dorothy Campbell has been Scottish champion for the last two years.

Brothers, he finds time to be a successful racehorse-owner and one of the most noted of City beaux. When he represented his firm in Johannesburg he became deservedly popular with Rand sportsmen, for his colours were generally first at the winning-post. When he came to this country he was content to make his way slowly but surely, but now he has won an acknowledged place on the British Turf. He is owner of Sefton Lodge, Newmarket, and last autumn Polymelus won him the Cambridgeshire, to the utter rout, it was said at the time, of the bookmakers. The same quaintly named horse is expected to do well in the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap.



A SUGGESTION FOR ASCOT: THE FLOWER AND CREEPER-HUNG GRAND STAND AND BOXES ON THE RACECOURSE AT VALPARAISO.

Photograph by S. L. Torres.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Finding of the Girl.

The subject of the reincarnation is one in which we moderns love to dabble. Some of us even believe, with secret thrills and tremors, that once we were "Kings in Babylon," or other distinguished individuals; and this supposition helps to mitigate the mediocrity and boredom of our present lot on earth. Hence the marked interest shown in Lady Cromartie's weird and striking little drama "The Finding of the Sword." In this play, to be sure, the rank and condition are reversed, for the lovely and intellectual daughter of a hundred earls is simply an ancient Celtic chorus-girl reincarnated. So, when a handsome, mysterious, and ghostly stranger in a kilt comes by night to visit her father, the two recognise each other at the outset, for these two are, in some occult way, aware that the daughter of Lord Colmore is simply the stranger's slave and dancing girl, who, in ages gone by, had refused to be immolated on his bier along with his faithful hound and his trusty horse. In the end, the lady elects to go with her ghostly lover "along the flinty road," and in a sort of cataclysm she dies in his arms. The "finding of the girl" by this beautiful and mysterious Celtic warrior is an original and poetical idea, and the whole play had a certain "Fiona Macleodish" atmosphere, showing both distinction and imagination.

Shortness and Sanity.

The present passion for size and speed is one which cannot, in the nature of things, continue for ever. A reaction is inevitable, and it will come in the shape of a passion for small things and leisurely ways. We shall tire of mammoth steamers and lightning expresses, of motoring at seventy miles an hour, of sleeping in hotels which shelter a thousand guests, and of buying our butter and bacon in the same shop in which we purchase diamonds, grand pianos, and bonnets. The craze for speed is destined to die of its own absurdity, not to mention its danger, and we can confidently look forward to the time when it will be ultra-chic to be drawn, by hand, in a Bath-chair about the pleasant country-side. There is already a desire for shorter dinners, shorter plays, and shorter books. We would not, if we could, sit down nowadays to read books of the portentous length of the masterpiece of Victorian literature, and one can even foresee the time when novels will be a hundred instead of five hundred pages long. Who knows if smaller womenfolk may not again become the fashion, and tiny Becky Sharps and Dora Copperfields succeed in ousting from popular favour the strapping young beauties we rub elbows with nowadays on London staircases?

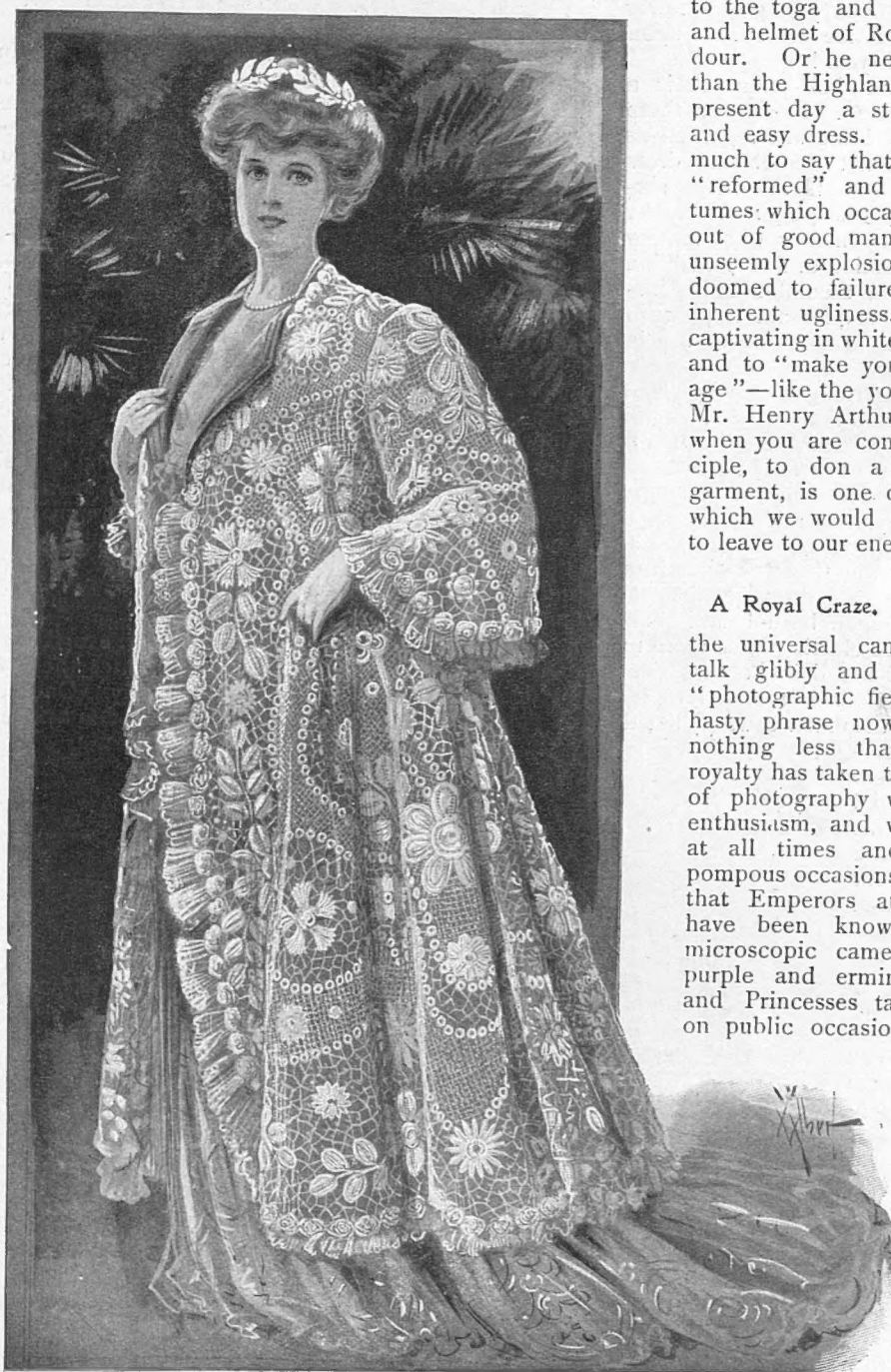
The Hideousness of Hygienic Clothing.

Mr. Edgar Jepson, it would seem, is constitutionally incapable of negotiating a button and a buttonhole, hence he has gone the lengths of inventing what appears at the first blush to be the most hideous garment ever improvised by man for his own wear on this

planet—to wit, a coat and trousers cut in one. One can dimly imagine the inhabitants of Mars wearing such things; for over there they are too busy keeping warm and digging canals to think of anything else; but for a civilised European, with leisure to fasten his braces, to elect to appear in so unlovely a guise is an outrage on our æsthetic feelings. If Man must change his costume (and I don't wonder he rebels against his present one) let him go back to the toga and sandals, the cloak and helmet of Rome in her splendour. Or he need go no further than the Highlands to find in the present day a striking, handsome, and easy dress. But it is not too much to say that all the so-called "reformed" and "hygienic" costumes which occasionally startle us out of good manners, and lead to unseemly explosions of mirth, are doomed to failure because of their inherent ugliness. How to look captivating in whitey-brown woollens, and to "make your mark upon the age"—like the young gentleman in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play—when you are condemned, by principle, to don a single bifurcated garment, is one of those problems which we would most of us prefer to leave to our enemies to solve.

A Royal Craze.

Once upon a time—before the universal camera—we used to talk glibly and superciliously of "photographic fiends," but such a hasty phrase nowadays savours of nothing less than *lèse-majesté*, for royalty has taken to the gentle sport of photography with extraordinary enthusiasm, and will indulge in it at all times and on the most pompous occasions. It is whispered that Emperors at their anointing have been known to conceal a microscopic camera beneath their purple and ermine, while Queens and Princesses take "snap-shots" on public occasions and at stately ceremonies with all the effrontery of a newspaper reporter. Instead of waiting, stolidly and majestically, to be photographed your modern monarch (to say nothing of his female belongings) is all agog to secure a "picture" of the scene itself, so that we have the modern spectacle, at the launching of an ironclad or the founding of a hospital, of a sort of cross-battery of lenses, and a mutual onslaught of cameras, royalty and public photographing each other. Thus, when the President of the French Republic went to pay homage to the Dowager Empress of Russia, that august lady promptly asked if she might take his photograph with her own imperial hands. The truth is that royal personages lead a somewhat monotonous existence, and are hard put to it to amuse and interest themselves. In the near future we may hear of Kings who caricature for the comic papers, and of Princesses who rise in the dawn to taste the joy of embellishing, pictorially, the pavement.



A LACE CLOAK AT PETER ROBINSON'S, REGENT STREET.

(See the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

THERE are lots of women about town now, and men too, which means that the season has begun. The Opera is open, and was a season-like sight on Thursday night in last week. The great house was packed in every part, and diamond tiaras and necklets gleamed and sparkled in the gloom like stars in the summer night while the acts of "Die Walküre" were in progress. There was a ball later at Lady Dickson-Poynder's fine house in Chesterfield Gardens, and so, though it was a Cycle night—not usually a tiara occasion—it was very brilliant. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were there, and Princess Patricia. It was their second ball thus early in the season. They went to one at Lady Bessborough's earlier in last week. Princess Patricia got no dancing last season—she was in mourning for her grandmother. This year she is evidently to be given all she wants. It is to be a young people's season, and lovely fresh young girls never were so plentiful. There are chimes upon chimes of belles this year!

The necessity for hair-ornament is a trouble to some women. Never was there a time when the coiffure was regarded as more important. What matter that dress be of the last second if the head surmounting it be not in keeping? Whatever else changes, and no matter what fantasy of feathers, or confection of flowers, ribbon or tulle may be worn, a comb is indispensable. Therefore it is pleasant to point to an illustration of a beauty, one of the latest of the indefatigably up-to-date Parisian Diamond Company's novelties. This spread of wings over well-arranged hair gives a cachet to a woman's whole appearance, and is therefore something to be thankful for.

White is going to be worn once more. I know, of course, that it is always well to the fore in England in the summer. That, however, is not the point I mean. For some seasons lovely woman has lost confidence in herself so far as to hesitate about putting pure white close to her skin. There was a rage, in consequence, for lace and net and tulle that was what it might be rude to call dirty white, but that exactly describes it. Now nothing can be too white. English women have beautiful skins, and white suits them perfectly, so they are electing once more to wear it. Lace, chiffon, net, lawn, linen, all the dainty accessories of dress are white, very white. If cream colour is resorted to, it is not deep, rich cream such as we get from London cows (!) but the soft pale hue that we associate with the surface of the great shallow pans in a cool country dairy. This change in fashion makes, I think, for much freshness and becomingness. For economy it does not make!

Many women cannot be about town, and more who can have in the season little leisure for selection of styles and colours and prices. A guide to dress fully illustrated is therefore a boon to them. Such a help has just been issued by that great establishment, Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, under the title of "Fashions for To-day." So far as I can make out by a careful perusal, they include an enormous variety, out of which anyone must find something to charm her. Also they are fashions for to-morrow, the day after, and the day after that again; there is the sign-manual about them of the caterer for dress who can look intelligently forward. On Monday next there will be at these well-known premises in Oxford Street a great show of dresses, hats, sunshades—in fact, complete outfits, which are models from all recognised European fashion centres, suitable for all occasions, from a bathe in the sea

to a formal ball! Suitability will in every case be carefully studied in all details, whether tailor-built suits of the plainest or smartest, dinner-gowns handsome or dignified, or ball-frocks of the most ethereal and dainty are concerned.

Every year there is more attention given to situation when deciding on a place whereat to entertain friends. An ideal one is that of the Hyde Park Hotel. This is undoubtedly one reason why it is so popular, and rapidly becoming more so. The ball-rooms are in great request, as they are well ventilated, very handsome, and things are beautifully done there. The terrace overlooking the Park is a unique situation, and one has to be alert to get a table there.

Luncheon, too, is a meal much liked at this palatial place, and the dining arrangements are admirable. A luncheon was given there last week by British ladies to the ladies of the Imperial Conference party. Lady Jersey presided, and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll was present. The royal guest, as well as many of those present, said how delightful were the surroundings, and comfortable and charming the luxurious arrangements.

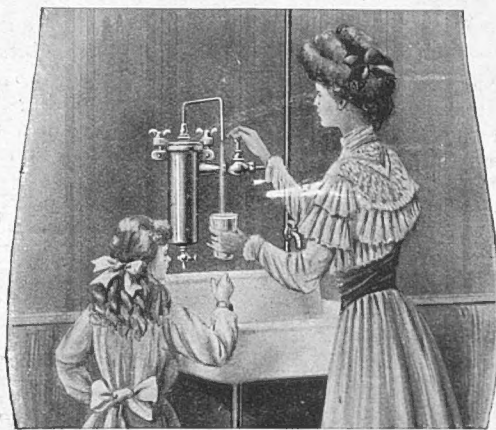
The Opera House affords one a varied study in handsome wraps. These are necessities of our climate, and they prove vastly becoming to our women. One to be found at the renowned Regent Street house of Peter Robinson—which, by the way, is quite a separate establishment from that of the same name in Oxford Street—is illustrated on the "Woman's Ways" page for my readers. It is but an example of many others to be found in the salons of this well-known firm. Their reputation

for up-to-date creations of the handsomest and most varied is world-wide, so that an opera coat by them carries a cachet second to none, their models being by the best Parisian artists. The coat is of beautiful real crochet lace over a foundation of finely pleated net, while the collar-revers are of velvet in a perfect shade of Mandarin, now in the very van of fashion. Narrow Valenciennes lace is also introduced in the particularly dainty and smart trimming. There are many beautiful novelties in all the departments of this celebrated Regent Street house, and some of them can be found illustrated in their "Creations de Luxe," which is itself inclusive in this title.

Very rightly, everybody now lays the greatest stress upon the purity of the water they drink, and many methods are adopted to ensure this purity. One of the best is the use of a filter such as the Berkefeld, made by the Berkefeld Filter Company, 121, Oxford Street. This filter is used in scientific and other laboratories, where, of course, it is absolutely necessary to obtain for experimental purposes water that is absolutely free from germs of all kinds. The filter is fixed to the supply pipe with ease, and there is no difficulty in cleaning it. A full account of it can be had from its makers, at the address given above.

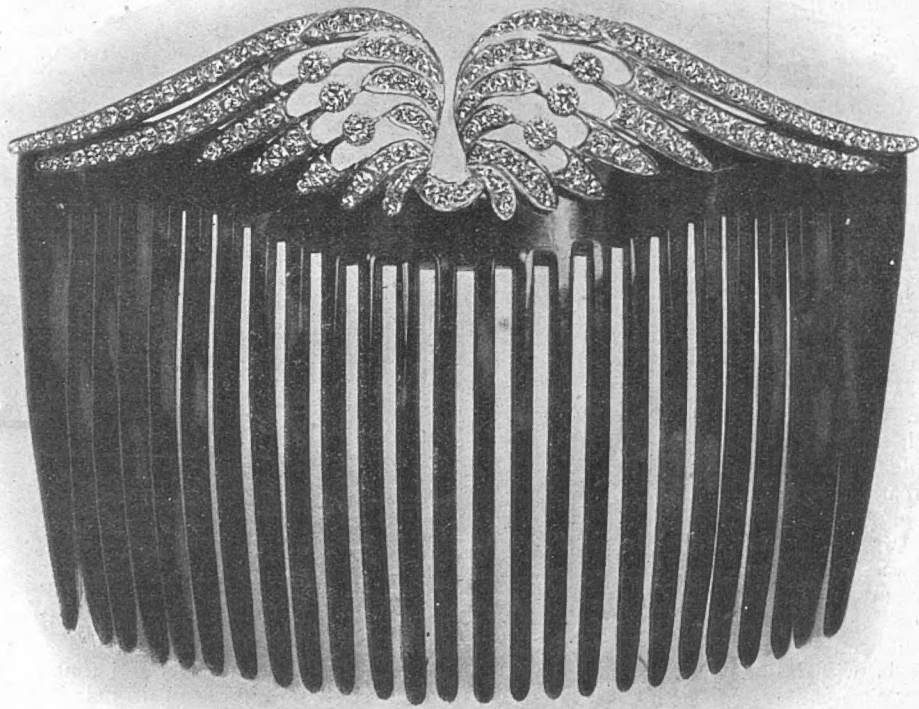
Everyone interested in the stage will find information of value to them in "The Green-Room Book; or, Who's Who on the Stage" for 1907, which has been issued by T. Sealey Clark and Co., of 1, Racquet Court, Fleet Street. The work contains biographies of all the leading actors, dramatists, dramatic critics, etc., numerous full-page portraits of

well-known actors and actresses, and a number of special features, including "Genealogical Tables" (of nearly forty theatrical families of England and America); "Theatrical Finance," "In the Law Courts" (which deals with the leading theatrical law cases and judgments of the year), and "Theatrical Clubs, Charities, and Institutions of London and New York."



ENSURING GOOD HEALTH: USING THE BERKEFELD FILTER.

(See paragraph on this page.)



A JEWELLED COMB AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 13.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

DEPRECIATION in such stocks, it may well be thought, cannot go much further; but we should hardly care to lay odds that Consols have seen their lowest price for the present year. The worst of the outlook is that as soon as one heavy new issue has been got out of the way another comes along to depress prices and cause the general heaviness to be accentuated. India and the London County Council have but lately visited the market; new Locals and new Irish are known to be under way or on the way, and when these last two are disposed of, it ought to be possible for the Consol Market to get a little rest. But will it? We would heartily like to think so. Unhappily, behind the India, the L.C.C., the Irish, and the Local Loans there stands a line of needy municipalities, cap in hand, and behind them another line of Colonies, Crown and otherwise, in a similar pleading position. We cannot see Consols better just awhile, whatever the Bank Rate.

SOME MINING PROPOSITIONS.

We don't mean Kaffirs. Give Kaffirs a wide berth—for gambling purposes on the bull tack—for another year; then conditions may be less unfavourable for having a dash. But outside Kaffirs are several more interesting fields. There's a lot of bullish talk about West Africans. Wassaus and Taquahs, and that little crowd, are said to be going much better. We have oor doots. No need to hurry to buy the shares, although we admit there may be a shilling or two profit to be snatched from purchases of Wassau, or "Koons," or Ashanti Goldfields. Not that we are very keen on any of them. Mount Lyells will come right again; they're cheap at anything under 50s. And British Broken Hills are good things, also. To take up, of course. They say—*on dit*—that Mount Elliots are intrinsically worth six or seven pounds a share—and Vaal Rivers perhaps five shillings. The first we should not be surprised to see touch the figures quoted. Keep away from Deep Leads, and 'ware Zincs.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Years, isn't it? Well, how's everybody?" The Engineer beamed on the reassembled Carriage with benign delight.

"Speaking for myself," replied The Banker, "I am very hale and hearty, thank you."

"And the rest of us are perfect Sketchies of good health," added The Jobber. "By the way, speaking of American speculators—"

"We weren't," The Engineer contradicted.

"Pardon me, but you said yourself, 'How's everybody?' and as everybody speculates in Yank—"

"Oh, leave off!" The Broker implored. "If you only knew how tired—"

"I'll back the rise against the fall in Yankees, anyway," pursued The Jobber cheerfully. "I believe they're going to give the market a bit of a run again over the pond there," and he jerked his thumb at the flying scenery.

The Banker said he did not suppose a new American gambling mania would receive facilities as readily as the last outbreak. "London has financed New York too recently to forget her lesson just yet."

"That is so," returned The Jobber; "but if the Wall Street people were to give the Yankee Market a good run, do you think London could stop it?"

"After a time, certainly," said The Merchant.

"And what I say is that the New Yorkers will make things good again, in order to help out some of the new issues they want to get floated."

The Broker shrugged his shoulders. "I admit there may be something in your view, but I doubt whether—I don't know."

"Nobody knows, of course," said The Jobber. "I was discussing chances."

"What is going to happen to Copper?" demanded The Engineer. "Opinion seems very divided on the subject. Is it time to sell a bear of Tintos?"

"If you want to know the time, ask a—copper," advised The Jobber.

"It's an awful gamble," and The Merchant almost shuddered. "But the demand for the metal must increase, and production seems to advance slowly in comparison with the increasing clamour for it."

"To put away, Rios are recommendable for rich clients," laid down The Broker.

"I'd rather sit on Kaffirs," suggested The Jobber.

"Aren't Kaffirs sufficiently flat already?" laughed The Merchant.

"Not so flat as they will be," The Broker observed. "Rand Mines may be a decent speculative investment to put away. They pay 7 per cent. on the money at the present price."

"And at the present rate of dividend," The Engineer warned him. "You mustn't forget that."

"The dividend may increase."

"Pigs may win a flying-machine prize."

"They tell me Casons are the things to have for the future," said The Engineer.

"Tap on," The Broker declared. "Whether they want to freeze everyone out, then declare a thumping big dividend and put up the price again, I don't know. It's what I've heard, at all events."

"De Beers are safe for 30," remarked The City Editor.

"Bad look-out for de bears," murmured The Jobber.

The Banker said a friend had told him to sell Consols and buy New Kleinfontein.

"Which you have done, of course, Sir?" queried The Jobber.

The Banker's eyes merrily twinkled.

"How about Sewing Cottons?" said The City Editor.

"That's a funny business altogether," said The Engineer.

"At thirty shillings, I shouldn't mind being a bull," The Merchant considered.

"What does the Company pay?" asked The Banker.

"Eight per cent., but then it has some sort of working agreement with Coats."

"Sure?" asked The City Editor.

"Practically," returned The Broker. "And in some time to come there will be amalgamation for certain. That would make Cottons worth three pounds to start with."

"This sort of public washing of dirty linen does no company any good," said The City Editor.

"They ought to tie up their differences with their own cotton," and The Broker laughed heartily at his own joke.

"Smile, Bill," quoth The Jobber. "Ever hear an elephant make a pun?"

"I shall have a few of the English Sewing-Cottons to put away," said The City Editor.

The Broker promised to telephone him the price.

"I want them as an investment, you understand." And The City Editor addressed The Carriage.

"We cotton on to that pretty tidy," cried The Jobber, as he swung himself on to the platform. "I never yet came across a journalist who confessed he'd enough money to—take—shares—up," he shouted after the train.

NITRATE SHARES.

"Q" has not sent us any note this week, but writes—

Sketch readers should be pleased with the Nitrate dividends just announced. The *Liverpool* Company is paying an interim dividend of 27s. 6d. per share, against 15s. last year; the *Colorado* Company 20s., against 10s. last year; and the *Santa Rita* Company a final dividend of 15s. per share, making 22s. 6d. for the year, as compared with 15s. last year. The *Liverpool* Company paid 45s. for the whole year in 1906, and it will be remembered that the Chairman announced that the interim and final dividends would be made more nearly equal this year. Still, the dividend just announced is a very fine one, and it looks as if my forecast of £3 for the year may not be far from the mark.

Saturday, May 4, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BARTON.—(1) We do not think you will ever get much good out of the Nile Valley shares. (2) If you can afford a gamble, stick to your Diamond shares; but if £20 is a consideration to you, tell your broker to sell one day when they are strong. Camp Birds are, we think, good enough to hold.

WALL.—(1) Get out at any reasonable profit. (2) We are in doubt about this Company, but should feel inclined to hold on rather than take the present price. (3) Yes; hold for the present. (4) A gamble. (5) Gwalia Consolidated at not over 3s. 3d.

W. F. B.—As a speculative lock-up, the shares should be good enough; but you will have to wait some years—how long it is quite impossible to say, as so much depends on the prosperity of the country and the policy of the Board as to betterments.

APULFIUS.—Your Trust Companies are among the worst, hence they have never been recommended in our columns. Probably they are at bed-rock prices now and may be held. The Mining Second Debentures are not to our taste as anything but a speculation to be sold on any general Kaffir rise.

F. W. P.—Thanks.

DR. A. S.—Your letter was answered on the 2nd inst.

AUSTRALIA.—Have nothing to do with these people, who are the worst kind of bucket-shop. You will not find premium bonds pay you, even if you buy at market prices, but the people you name charge about 25 per cent. too much for what they sell.

T. H.—We should not recommend the deposit. Such rates can only be paid by lending your money on bills-of-sale and such-like doubtful securities. It is not safe to let such people have your money to play with for years.

E. P. J.—We have sent you the broker's name and address. Buy *Lady's Pictorial* Preference at about £3 and you will get 8 per cent. for your money, with very fair security.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The racing at Chester will be good. I think Bibiani will win the Chester Cup; and other selections are: Stamford Plate, Quelpart; Dee Welter, Red Leg; Stewards' Plate, Prodigy; Badminton Plate, Opal; Prince of Wales's Welter, Pericline; Combermere Handicap, Golden Knight; Great Cheshire Handicap, Sella; Dee Stakes, Knight of Tully; Earl of Chester's Welter, Pieman; Ormonde Plate, Buttercrag. At Kempton, the Jubilee Handicap may be won by Velocity. Others with chances are: Westminster Handicap, Cofferdam; Stewards' Handicap, Rocketter; Spring Two-Year-Old Plate, Twinkle II.; River Handicap, Titan; Trial Handicap, Sunburnt; May Auction Plate, Claudian.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Message." By A. J. Dawson. (E. Grant Richards.)—
 "Ghetto Comedies." By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann.)—
 "Windover Tales." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Smith, Elder.)

IT is almost an axiom that the man with a mission is a bore to all save those who sit at his feet. When he disdains the platform, where the crowd, at least, may make him entertaining, he is doubly a bore. Views, patriotic or pedantic, conveyed by word of mouth, with gesture, pause, and inflection, may conquer by the sheer ability of the speaker by whom they are enunciated; may numb the mind to their faults, and fascinate by the manner in which they are set forth. The same views, baldly displayed in black and white and leisurely perused, may fail utterly to accomplish their purpose; yet there are those, more fortunate than their brethren, whose printed word is oratory, who write as though speaking to a multitude. Mr. Dawson is one of the favoured few. He is also much in earnest. He sees "our British public of the day as a flushed, excited man, hurrying wildly along in pursuit of two phantoms—money and pleasure." England ill-governed, thoughtless of her Empire, clinging to traditions, complacent in her apparent security, content to believe that no one will attack England, "cos England's got the dibs." He sees, then, a German invasion of East Anglia, a march on London, dead by the wayside, dying in the streets, a surrender at Westminster, the land of Nelson and Wellington and Drake under the Kaiser's heel. He despairs of his country, then seeks to save it with his Message. Two Canadian preachers are his mouthpiece. They teach the gospel of patriotism, and, as their words strike home, Dick Mordan, a youthful journalist turned enthusiast, recruits for "The Citizens," that secret army that, in time, arises in its might and drives the enemy before it. To say that Mr. Dawson is invariably convincing would be daring. Many would dispute it. In point of fact his work is full of improbabilities. Much has to be accepted in good faith before credit can be given to his ideas as a whole. That a German army of occupation would permit thousands of their enemies to enrol themselves as members of a league without seeking to discover the secrets of that league is as unlikely as the attitude of official Berlin as depicted by Mr. Dawson—

In effect, the Kaiser said: "You hold a German army as prisoners of war, and you have destroyed my Navy; but you dare not invade my territory, and I defy you to hit upon any other means of enforcing your demands. You can do nothing further," and, thereupon, he left the army to fend for itself.

Equally curious to many will be the mind that can see Prussia a Republic, while England and America have joined hands for mutual defence and defiance. Yet, as has been said, Mr. Dawson

is one of those who can numb the mind to the faults in his views, fascinate by the way in which they are set forth.

Of Mr. Zangwill's "Ghetto Comedies" I write with mingled pleasure and regret—pleasure at certain characters remembered, regret at the wild of words in which too many of them walk. "His array of arguments seemed to him a row of steam-hammers." Thus Mr. Zangwill in one of the stories. The sentence conveys to me an impression of the book. But few of the Comedies are not too long. Those that figure in them are in themselves interesting, but their doings are not always of sufficient moment to warrant descriptions in detail. Mr. Zangwill would have been well advised to use the blue pencil ruthlessly—even to have permitted another to wield it for him. Had he done so "Ghetto Comedies" would have been a notable work. Even as it is, it is far above the mediocre. To find fault with it is, in a sense, a compliment to its author; one expects so much of him, that one is disappointed where, with another, a less gifted writer, one might approve.

Windover lands, they know the gale,
 The east wind and the north;
 Windover men grow big and hale,
 Their maids set trimly forth.

So Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe by way of part-preface to his "Tales."


The wind, blowing over hill and marsh and heather, is the keynote of the book—the keynote, too, of the human passion, tenderness, comedy, and tragedy which are fostered by a moorland upbringing. The sob and the glee of the wind alike blow through the book, and the clean, strong scent of the uplands moves across the pages.

So Mr. Sutcliffe's publisher, and right well has he caught the spirit of the author. With the wind come ghosts and wailings of ghosts, the clatter of hoofs, the clash of swords, the oaths of men, the pleadings of women, love and hate and self-sacrifice. "Windover Tales" are true romance. They are not of the three-bottle order; their characters are men and women of their day—not moderns flaunting pitifully in "fancy" dress—and they are more than welcome. Many of them have in them much that is eerie, and in these their author is at his best. Notably good is "The Sexton's Tale"—

The seventh son of a seventh son I am, and all know what that means. Ay, well as the ghost-lasse's self could I see the fight, letting my eyes follow the line of her taper finger. My body seemed to crumble and shrink, while the inward fire grew fierce, and bright, and steady. So near was I to the other world, for that brief spell, that Mistress Lucy came close and slipped her wee hand into mine; for the naked souls of men are friendly, and 'tis only our lumpish shroud of clay that frightens the ghosties from us.

Equally grim is "The Lass of Windward Farm"—grimmer, more haunting still, is "The One Who Slept by the Pool." I name but three of the nine stories. All should be read; all will repay the reading.

SNODGRASS:—
 "ALL
 GONE,
 GREAT
 PICKWICK!"



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